

CHIRON:
OR, THE
MENTAL
OPTICIAN.

———— *Mutato Nomine, de Te*
Fabula narratur. ——— HORACE.

VOL. I.



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CHURCH

OF THE

MEMORIAL

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OF THE



THE
P R E F A C E.

THE very great Philosopher, who, from his heart, wished that every man had a window to his heart, undoubtedly, little foresaw, that, in the year 1758, the improvements in perspective glasses, at present, would answer his most eager wishes. How needless

vi The P R E F A C E.

*his scheme would be now, may
appear from the following sheets,
in which, thrice curious reader!
we have no apprehension or
fear of your dis-belief; when
they delineate your neighbour —
but only when they delineate
yourself.*

THE only great Principle
which, when taken from his heart,
which that every man had a
right to his heart, and
which, in his heart, was
doubtless, his fortress, that
in the year 1728, the imperious
states in possession of the
world, would confer his most
valuable rights. How much
more


THE



THE
MENTAL OPTICIAN.

De Te, Fabula narratur. —

THE INTRODUCTION.

 T was at that time of the year, when the weather, generally, is most settled above, and mankind, on the contrary, are most unsettled below, or if active, (as Mr. Pope says, on another occasion,) are active to no end by walking a full German mile, perhaps to drink unwholesome liquors, and taste indelicate food, at some public gar-

VOL. I.

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2 THE MENTAL

den, where they punctually, but not chearfully, pay a pawnbroker's profit, and an usurer's good interest, to intitle their ears to the sound, or sense, of some bad song, composed by some cathedral, or city-church organist, and discompos'd by some rhyme-weaver, who knows all languages but his own, &c.

It was about the middle of that month, thrice-puzzled, and puzzling reader! when high ladders, and the dread of what may fall from those roofs they are the means of repairing, oblige the prudent ambulator to cross the street, when he least intended it, and oftner than he chuses it, and when, by avoiding the Scylla of a rebuilding house, he unwarily falls into the much worse charybdis of some spruce mercer's shop fresh painted, whose servant is, by consent of all parties, to bear the blame
of

of the gentleman's cloaths being spoiled, that the master may, by his seeming care, when the mischief is done, and privately by himself too, all the while, the better sell him a new barragon, or double allopeen, &c.

It was at that season when the Milesians lodge in magnificent first floors, for reasons peculiar to their country; when certain shop-keepers, for the sake of a little ready cash, to see their country cousins, or get country orders, make you believe you may have their goods at prime cost, just leaving off trade, which they have no intention so to do; when vociferant barrow-women call their fruit by wrong, but pompous names, in imitation of superior traders; when impudent wenches of servants, taking the advantage of the family's being absent from town, invite their

comrogues into their mistresses best apartments, and treat them with delicacies they oftner desire than deserve. In short, if I must quit all figure, and talk plain English, it was on a morning, sometime in the month of August, of the year 1757, and in the year of his majesty's reign (whom the very almanac never fails to pray a continuance of) that a middle aged venerable gentleman in black, with every emblem of a barrister, or physician, but a tye-wig and sword, for his 'gravity and importance were equal, met me at the south door of St. Paul's, seemingly bent on the same agreeable errand as myself, which was, in a manly way, to enjoy that commonly called school-boy's amusement, of seeing the true map of London, from the height of that noble and lofty cathedral; why we mutually guess'd our one and the

the same intent was, that each of us had a telescope, so carelessly thrust in our several coat pockets, as to shew near half of it to any passer-by. On this the discourse began, and naturally enough too, when both of us honestly declaring our intentions were one and the same ; we went to the proper officer, paid the proper fees, and, as some fiddling punster would say (for they now seem the only auctioneers of that stale and refuse commodity) we took the proper steps to lead us to our proposed scene of happiness.

While Noble * writers would dwell for fifty pages, or more, on the several turnings and windings of our climacterical journey ; how often

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* The critics may imagine, from the numberless productions, by a person of that name, that it is not only an adjective in this place, but carries a double meaning.

6 THE MENTAL

we sat down, or how seldom we spoke to each other (not for want of any thing to say, but mere want of breath) our ignoble author, and such it is, and ever was his ambition to think himself, or be thought by others, informs his willing or unwilling reader, that nothing pass'd till in sight of the whispering gallery ; when the faithful writer of these pages, expressing some eager inclination to enter there, like other journeyers of the kind, the venerable old gentleman then first broke silence, since quitting the body of the church, by saying, with a degree of austerity —

“ Don't let us lose our time in trifles ;
“ I have business above this childish
“ place you little are aware of ; very
“ material for your happiness, and
“ which I will soon impart to you :
“ —Be patient—Let us pursue our
“ plan—I am your friend ! tho' not
“ in

“in general a friend to mankind—
“Have confidence in me—Be vir-
“tuous, and be happy.”

The reader may be, and no doubt is, already very justly alarmed (as I then was) at such expressions from a person I only esteemed in the common light of a morning, and transitory companion. However, I took care not to break the ice of my own silence, lest it should interrupt further discourse—But it had not the desired effect. He kept still before me, every now and then looking back with a smile, seeming to intimate that my toil would soon be recompensed by what he had to impart to me hereafter.—So, as honest Boniface cries, *He was happy, and I was contented, as the saying is!*

The door now first opened, which in an instant discovered our wishes and intentions.—He had at once, (as

Hamlet says) *a station like the Herald Mercury, new lighted on an heav'n-kissing bill.* — And having seem'd speechless and unmov'd for about five minutes (for I was determin'd not to disturb him) he at length broke silence.

So clear and fine a day I never saw ! The hour of breakfast being over below, it will be some time now before their fires will smoke again. We are lucky in having hit the exact season for observation ; for I assure you, friend, I have often lost my labour, by too great a cloud hovering over the capital. There are certain days I have, by fatal experience of limbs and lungs, learn'd to desist from any such enterprise as ours to-day ; — and therefore pray remember, that one of them is the Lord-mayor's ; — on which occasion I believe they roast and boil from the
kitchen

kitchen to the garret ; and the fevers they catch on that day, by surfeits of meat and drink, are called, in compliment to the city (to distinguish them from those of the court) *Aldermens Fevers*.

He now ask'd me for my glass, which I wip'd with my cravat for speed (having already found his temper hasty) and gave it him, with a bow of my head, and small bend of my body. — “None of your ceremony, says he; if I had you on the top of St. Martin's steeple, it might be in character; that church is in the sun-shine of a court.—A royal atmosphere! While we are in the city let us be blunt, sincere, and honest, as their forefathers were, not as their sons are. Believe me the climate is changed.”

Having walk'd slowly round the commonly called Golden gallery, he

10 THE MENTAL

came again to the place he had left, but I had not ; for I was determined not to stir a step, or speak a single word, but as he directed me ; the glass was still at his eye, when he ask'd me what I gave for it (not saying it was a bad or good one, which amazed me) to which I answered, It was not my own, but lent to me by an honest friend of mine there on Ludgate-hill, pointing to the place, who said, if it came to any harm, the price was three guineas, but that otherwise I was always welcome to it, whenever I pleased.—On this he threw it on the ground with much violence, stamp'd it into many pieces, and, like captain Bobadil, when he breaks master Stephen's imagined Toledo, only cried *pshaw*.

Judge my situation, kind reader !
Three guineas gone ; flap ! my
blood boiling ! my seeming friend
laugh-

laughing at me, and still only crying *pshaw!* in the same key. When finding I did not resent it visibly (tho' the cunning rogue then knew my inmost heart as well as myself, as I soon after found) he took out a long purple purse, gave me three guineas, and then began:

“ You are angry, my friend,
 “ without knowing why. But you
 “ have not shewn it ; so that com-
 “ mon eyes would never have dis-
 “ cern'd it—This is all I can expect
 “ from flesh and blood ; to bear and
 “ forbear, will carry you thro' a
 “ very troublesome life with ease,
 “ and perhaps honour. This is be-
 “ ing a man ! But your glass, friend,
 “ was a very bad one.—I ought not
 “ to say this, if I had not paid you
 “ very exactly for it, and at the same
 “ time can and will shew you a bet-
 “ ter.”

12 THE MENTAL

He now deliberately took out his own, and having fixed every thing for a near or distant view, as the glass allowed, and as I desired, while looking thro' it, he ask'd me—Well, what say you, my friend? Am I right? — Indeed, Sir, says I, 'tis most astonishing.—I seem sometimes to have London only, at other times all England under my eye. It is an island, and a glorious one! the sea indeed surrounds it. Why, could we be faithful to ourselves, the united world could never hurt us. We seem to have nothing to do with the continent, nor their connexions; nay, we might give laws to them.

My friend gave me the same look he did before at the Whispering gallery, adding, as he then did, that he had no time for trifles. Politics, said he, are at best but very uncertain things, and little more than common
fa-

family-tricks carried a few degrees higher. My scheme is to make you happy ; and as a proof of it, look thro' this end of my glass, and tell me what you see.

Amazing, indeed ! I declare I at once see every man's heart ; nay, more, I read at once his past and future actions. I have often heard it said, that if every man had a window in his breast, it would be happy for the world.—This is indeed the very thing ; and therefore, says he, I broke your glass. I little value three, or three hundred guineas, to carry any favourite point ; and this indeed is one. I would annihilate the whole race of telescopes, if I could, the better to promote the sale of this. The profits I design for some charity (yet unpractis'd in this island) which I will relate to you some other time. At present we must proceed to business.

14 THE MENTAL

finess. And, as the sun is bearing to the south, we will begin with our observations northward, and so contrive our objects daily, after the same manner. Are you ready? I am now looking, said I, and, in Mr. Addison's own words, can truly observe,

“ It is a pleasing, dreadful thought ! ”

C H A P.

C H A P: I.

THE MENTAL OPTICIAN, whom, for the future, and for brevity's sake, indeed, we shall call by his real name of Chiron, as, for the same reason, his pupil will bear the name of Achilles, thro' the remainder of this spectatorial history, began now to ask what he was so busy in observing, having perceived him very intent for some minutes,—to which Achilles answered, after a short pause, on removing the glass from his eyes — “ I have been observing, says he, (as often as the dust on yonder busy road would permit me) a group of persons in post chariots, and on horseback, all seeming chearful but one, who, very distinct from the rest, seems as melancholy as a guarded prisoner,

16 THE MENTAL

“soner, on whose confinement the
 “attendants generally fatten, and are
 “often sorry when their charge is
 “delivered.” — “You make me
 “smile, says Chiron; and when I
 “give you the proper glass, to know
 “the realities of things, you will
 “perceive every thing exactly con-
 “trary to what you, like the world in
 “general might suspect, or imagine.
 “—The grave, or melancholy gen-
 “tleman, is really and truly very
 “cheerful at heart; and the train of
 “persons around him, who appear
 “easy and jocular, are quite other-
 “wise.”—The affair is this, in few
 words:

The great and dusty road you see
 there, leads to the city of West-
 Chester, and from thence to Ireland.--
 The master of this equipage, which
 has rais'd such a cloud, so as scarce
 to discover the colour of the horses,
 is

just made a B——p there. He pretends to be dejected at his journey, and future embarkation ! that the natives of that kingdom may imagine him a person of consequence on this side the water,—and that he might have bettered himself here, could he have had a few months longer patience : But his lordship knows his affairs best. He is glad to go any where to obtain rank and income ; neither of which he could command at home. — If you were close to him, you might hear him rail about banishment, quitting his dear friends and native country, with all that train of jargon which every Sc—ch governor in America vents on the same occasion. — But look thro' this end of the glass (thus managed by me) and you will soon perceive that he was never so truly happy in all his life ; that he has as little value

16 THE MENTAL

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just made a B——p there. He pretends to be dejected at his journey, and future embarkation! that the natives of that kingdom may imagine him a person of consequence on this side the water,—and that he might have bettered himself here, could he have had a few months longer patience: But his lordship knows his affairs best. He is glad to go any where to obtain rank and income; neither of which he could command at home. — If you were close to him, you might hear him rail about banishment, quitting his dear friends and native country, with all that train of jargon which every Sc—ch governor in America vents on the same occasion. — But look thro' this end of the glass (thus managed by me) and you will soon perceive that he was never so truly happy in all his life; that he has as little value

18 THE MENTAL

value for his friends and native country, as a modern lady of quality for her husband ; and if you were to trace him to yonder inn, a few miles further, you would see him in an instant writing half a score trifling letters for the pleasure he has in seeing the title of his See, in the room of his late surname. Why his attendants and servants appear cheerful, when, on the contrary, their hearts are really heavy, is this ; — that they could have lived in Old England, tho' their master could not ; and are sorry that gratitude (which servants in general seldom feel) or perhaps a long arrear of wages yet unpaid, obliges them to attend him, who, as I privately know, and could prove to you, gives them all this trouble, that they may in a strange country trumpet his family and praises, and bear down those lies, and

and that unavoidable malice which generally clings to all new comers in a strange country, till time and good actions make them one of their own body ; are you satisfied, fir ?

I have been so, for many minutes; says his pupil. — And am such a convert to your opinion in every thing, that I long to know who that is, who, on the same road, is bending to this capital, with as smiling a countenance as ever I beheld. — I see him, says Chiron ; he would, indeed, deceive any one but myself ; for by my alteration of the glass, he is nothing more or less, than a needy p——r of that very kingdom, lately landed, who wants, and will soon obtain his wants of a pension for life, because he promises to be treacherous to his own native country, and not because he stands in need of it.—He was a patriot, poor man,

20 THE MENTAL.

man, while his estate was entire.—He lessened it in his country's service, in hopes they would have defended him against necessity.—But they have very ungratefully deserted him; and, in return, you see he thinks it but fair to desert them—crying in the words of his honest countryman, *Let the house be burnt to the ground, if it may—I am only a lodger.* His heart is not so chearful as his features would make you believe; And yet, by not feeling properly, he is not so distressed as any one would imagine a man to be in his dependant, and therefore miserable situation.

You seem, I find, to like your situation, says Chiron, and I fancy if the weather continues clear, as it now is, you would very little regret your loss of dinner, or repent your troublesome ascent. However, to keep
on

on in a regular course (for I look on these hints, as a kind of lectures for the day) keep your eyes still on that road, there, or thereabouts, and let me know what next claims your attention.

I am watching a ferry, says Chiron, crossing a pretty wide river, on whose bottom, like Noah's ark, are embark'd both clean and unclean animals; for I see pigs and horned cattle, together with a gentleman of a most venerable figure, who seems bargaining for an horse now also in the boat with him: the buyer and seller seem very intent, and I am waiting to see the bargain struck, by the usual method of palming. And this, for no other reason, than that the venerable figure in question, seems in great distress for an horse of that kind, if I may judge by his features.

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The venerable figure you so naturally suspect is a young barrister among friends, just made a judge in Wales. He counterfeited, or caused to be counterfeited, a certificate of his age being full forty, but I know he scarce exceeds the game as we call it. However, his flowing wig and unshaved visage which he contracts, are enough, indeed, to deceive any one. In the croud of common passengers (himself, for cheapness, being one) he longs to be discovered, and yet does not well know how to set about it; to conceal his parsimony in going thus by the common ferry, he would fain make believe, that like many greater men, he chuses to be *incog*; and as a further mark of his humility travels thus.—By the stratagem of the sham purchase he makes himself known; for he is at this instant questioning in a most exact and

par-

particular manner, whether this horse will stand the sound of a trumpet, for says he (in a whisper) tho' I beg it may be a secret between us, I am a Welch judge; but, if I declared it, I should be stunned with the title of my lord, which, indeed, among friends, we have as good a right to as any of the English judges; our honours are paid in as high a stile as their swelling and boasting lordships; and was our salary but as good, we would not give place. However, we have one advantage, that in London we are private men, and gather as good fees from Welch attornies, as his Majesty's council learned in the law. But that you may judge with your own eyes, look with the proper glass, and enjoy him, for I assure you he is, or will be, what we call a mark'd character.

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24 THE MENTAL

Chiron obeyed, and in an instant, found every thing true to a tittle, and further observ'd that as he was not very deeply vers'd in law, that he had a memorandum-book to refer to (settled by some smart and able practitioners in London) how to distinguish between treason and mis-prision, murder and chance-medley, felony and burglary; and all these niceties, which, by being spoken fluently by judges in general, make them pass for conjurors; not considering that the same question serves year after year, and is vented at every assize town spring and fall, by perriwig-pated fellows, as Shakespear would have called them, had he lived in our days. So much for him on our side of the water; he is plain Mr. such a one, or Esquire at farthest. But, see there, how the round-fac'd, cherry-cheek'd natives of the

the principality homage him; I can scarce refrain from laughing, when I know, on his return, that he will be in the Bath machine perhaps, and when he gets to his own chambers in the Temple, will often comb his own perriwig and brush his own cloaths.

Sameness of character, says Chiron, never makes a man ridiculous; but it is when we are Proteus's in our actions; all the real uneasiness we feel, or should feel in life, generally arises (if our pride would let us own it) in endeavouring to appear what we are not—this is a subject I will discourse with you about more particularly in some evening walk, for I think we will adjourn for this day, and not make a toil of a pleasure.

C H A P. II.

CHIRON had propos'd on arriving at the destin'd place this morning, to have finish'd the subject he enter'd on yesterday at the close of their observations, and which was left unfinished: but the fair prospect of the morning and the chance of variety (for it was a kind of holiday) broke off all further debate for the present, and they proceeded to business, with as little ceremony as two barristers who untye their bags, throw back the knot of their perriwigs, and enter on knotty subjects.

Achilles was immediately engaged with his glass, and Chiron unwilling to interrupt him 'till he had taken proper observation, walked once or twice round the gallery by him-

himself, repeating in a low tone,

“ To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run,
“ Some to undo, and some to be undone.”

Achilles ask'd him from whom he had borrow'd that thought; for, says he, it is so exact to the prospect I am now enjoying, that it looks as if you made it off hand, to befriend my observation.

Truly, says Chiron, 'tis an old saying, but a true one, No persons when they leave home in a morning, throughout this vast metropolis, can well say what shall befall them before evening. — Many a fine lady goes out a virgin, who insensibly is made otherwise e'er midnight; and many a man quits his lodging with a fair character at sun-rise, who before sun-set is a felon, or a murderer.

The passions of mankind in cities where religion has less sway than in villages, run very high. — Liquor

28 THE MENTAL

abets, and a woman often finishes. How many duels have been fought behind that large house near the square there (now fencing in with palisadoes) by people who that day dined together, and were then happy in each other's friendship?

But, to come to the point: are not you observing at this very instant, (for I see in the same line with you) a young gentleman, well dressed, with one eye, to all appearance, flourishing in his purse, as he is in his person. I am, says Achilles, and he not only commands but detains my attention. He seems very happy, and I suppose is in good circumstances.

Just the reverse, says Chiron. He is out upon bail, and had he the ready cash, would play the same trick his brother coxcomb did the other day, by leaving them to pay the debt.—

But

But in hopes that some lucky legacy may fall in, he is going, dress'd as you see, to throw himself into the protection of the fleet. You see him turn in at the door. How genteely he makes himself acquainted with the people in the coffee-house. Asks them all to supper, saying he shall only be there for one night, or else he would fix some future day.--- That his debts are only imaginary ones and counterfeited to make his honoured father bleed freely ; and, says he, then I shall be in cash again.

How eagerly the audience swallow his well-gloss'd tale, for many of them live to see him there years after. But 'tis high time to judge for yourself, and see with your own eyes. Here take the glass ; 'tis ready for your sight ; and tell me what you see. I see, says Achilles, at first sight all you have described to me : as fair and honest as

he seems outwardly, I perceive a very bad heart underneath. He has told many gross lies in his life time; and often, only to get the return of a common dinner, has set friends at variance, fought a duel with a poisoned sword, and debauched the fair daughters of near twenty intimate friends. What an heart? and yet, that such a fellow, should have the appearance of a man of honour vexes me.—

Why should that be, says Chiron, you may as well be angry, that the groupe of young girls, now passing through Ludgate, look as modest as the best of the sex, when they are all common and profest prostitutes—the world is all a masquerade, and 'till you can pluck off the vizor, the secret will be hid. But, indeed, I don't know whether it is not better to be deceived; let them wear the
masque

masque on, and be life still, say I, a continued masquerade.—

But suppose, says Achilles, we for fancy's sake, pursue the young gentleman above-named into his apartments at the Fleet (under our eyes here) and watch his motions there; you will see him, says Chiron, the same man in, as out of prison; with or without money; when he has enough of the latter he is extravagant, when he has none, he is extravagant with his credit; observe he wants burgundy, and damns the place as unfit for a gentleman, signifying that they never had a gentleman like him before.

He talks much of parties of pleasure and ladies; though the only female that visits him is his laundress or bed-maker. Habituated to a vain life, he writes letters and cards to himself, to shew his neighbours in

the gallery that he is not neglected. And his barber, you will soon see, has a knock on the head for not combing his hair *en aille de pigeon*. What a wretch ! he is proposing public ball nights, and swears there is no humour in the place to what there was some years ago ; for though this is his first visit, he would fain be thought to have been there often before, and desires rather to be thought a man who has spent two or three very good estates, than that he was born a beggar.—

Have you enough of this strange and dissipated character, or shall I shew him to you in another scene ? writing (what think you) an history of the Fleet, from the earliest account of things, and visiting the old subjects of the territory to gain fresh intelligence ; see how he thanks that grey headed gentleman for informing him

him of some particulars about King Theodore, when first he was prisoner there. Observe how expeditiously he takes memorandums, and informs them that his own history shall be at the latter end, for, says he, though the world knew much of me, and pretend to know more, yet I can tell them much more than they know or even guess at. You hear him sing (but in a bad voice) and yet rather than not sing at all he will begin.—

All the world is but a prison, &c.

But I wish you would relieve me from so troublesome a character. He engrosses too much of our time—for see—there are fresh characters below there, more worthy your attention.—

As Chiron said it happened, for a group of figures were rushing in high

34 THE MENTAL

seeming laughter under the gate-way which leads to Doctor's-Commons. Their imagined mirth was so nearly true, that Achilles said, Well, we shall now have some pleasant objects to drive away the last melancholy one. 'Tis rare to see so many people all in a mind at once. They are all in high spirits indeed, and I congratulate them.

Chiron, interrupting him gently, said, — Sure never was man more mistaken! There is but one chearful heart in the whole body of them, and that is the gentleman there, who seems most melancholy. He is the parent of the young lady in yellow, and pretends a great value for his daughter at the day of marriage, that he may be excused giving any fortune, you may hear him as they are going under the gate-way, speak thus to the future husband.

Sir,

Sir, the virtues and abilities, the good temper and unfeigned religion of that dear girl, are but known to myself. The world are ill-judges in such matters. You this day will take from me the greatest pleasure, and dearest pleasure I have in life. The brightest jewel in my crown of earthly happiness ; yet to make you blest, I part with her ; willingly I cannot say, but chearfully, however. The fortune I shall give to her hereafter, is a trifle compared to the loss of her angelic company. Be happy; and to make you so, I am content to be miserable.

Observe all this time, (as I can prove in a minute or two) that the father and she at home were always wrangling ; that he knows she had a bastard boy by his journeyman, and that he further knows (a secret I'll engage, he never will tell, however

36 THE MENTAL

he may blab to others) that at this very minute he is nearer being a bankrupt than ever he was in his life.

Observe how he presses to invite the company to the wedding-dinner to-morrow, for to-day they are going only to get the licence ; and now watch a little closer, and you shall see a new scene at the Proctor's in Knight-Rider Street ; there, there, my Achilles, where the blinds of the windows are form'd of probates, licences, caveats, wills, &c. &c. as well to conceal the dirty rascals in the office, as to exhibit, like lemon-peel at certain houses, that punch is sold there, as ecclesiastical law is sold here. Pray, now, be attentive.

At their entry see how the clerk receives them, with his pen behind his ear, like an exciseman, and his flannel save-shirts ; yet he is a gentle-

tleman, and would make you believe (if you could believe such impudence) that he represents the archbishop. We courtiers, as the shoe-boys of St. James's call one another ; we courtiers, Sir !

On the very mention of their wanting a licence, you see how he brandishes the old stale compliment of, " I hope to make you happy". An impudent scoundrel ! As if a square piece of parchment, printed in part, and part written, with his bad pen, could lend an helping hand to such happiness as wise people only find, and fools only miss. But however, 'tis his best dialect, and he pays it promiscuously, like chandlers with their welcome to every customer that comes to the shop.

But you will see something soon come to pass that you little expected, for you imagined them all happy,
the

38 THE MENTAL

the biter is bit ! the future husband, who wants to get some money with her, as on the other hand, the parent does not intend to give any ; puts it off to day in order to get better terms. He tho't to expose the old fellow, her parent, but he does not so much as he would wish. However, you see 'tis enough to break off the marriage for to day, and whether it will ever come on again, I best know, for that need not appear yet.——

You see they are all returning again with equal pretended smiles, for they are not willing to betray the secret to the world ; the parent and husband are cautious for the sake of their reputations, the company too do not care to be tho't such fools, which they would be by all the world for attending them in this secret expedition, if they told the affair.——

By

By their returning in the same manner, I know it without the help of my glass, I may say my never failing glass, for it never deceives me, and never will yourself: you are to observe that this public trick of the husband (that was to have been) has had the desired effect; for rather than suffer his daughter to be ridiculed by her sex, which would be the case if known; he consents to pay some money down this evening.——

There was no other method; nothing but interest could govern the dirty rascal of a father—he would buffet shame most heartily. But the future husband is a rich man, and he fears ever getting such an opportunity in his life time again; besides the private dread of the secret being known, of his daughter having
walked

40 THE MENTAL

walked in the wrong path with his journeyman.

But pray observe how the lady blushes—and her sex are pitying her, that she has been robb'd, though for one night only of the sex's joys; poor ignorant ladies! she has been married oftner than the quarterly chimes, in that town there before us, strike in a quarter of a year; but if they knew it, they would not declare the secret. Like priests in idolatrous countries they will defend their follies, as the sex will their own vices; harsh truths my dear Achilles, but not the less true.—

Achilles was so struck with what had been said, and at the same time, so thoroughly believed it, that as the day advanced towards noon, when he was engaged to his commons in the temple (he being a student there) he would not make use of the glass—still

Chiron

Chiron begged he would, and that he should not take his word for it.——

But he longed to go down and interrupt the marriage — saying, he could not bear to see a man so deceived as the future husband would be. Chiron took him by the sleeve, and said, don't be impatient, when you have had twenty lectures more you will be reconciled to every thing, you will see the world as it is; and then you will know the reason why most things are concealed from human sight. There would be few marriages if the truth was always known, I mean of friends, family, fortune or reputation; 'tis better to have a veil over us, otherwise, even the trifles of a dinner, would hardly be eat with any satisfaction, if every body knew how dirtily the victuals was often drest.——

But

42 THE MENTAL

But let us retire, to-morrow will
be a new day, and I doubt not, but
we shall find entertainment every
morning, while thus you continue
your inclination to be instructed:
come—as Hamlet says,

You as your business and desires
shall prompt you,
And for my own poor part I will
go pray.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

I Mentioned to you, my dear Achilles, at the beginning of these our lectures, that I proposed turning all the profits of my new-invented glass, which I know will be universal, into a fund for some charity, which I mentioned to you was yet unpractised in this island. The day is so hazy and cloudy, that I fear our lectures and observations will be short 'till it clears up. Suppose I trust you with the history of that plan, I design for the good of this country, though, if you knew all they little deserve it of me. However be that to them.——

You seem struck when I say they have ill used me ; I will give you one instance, which shall be as good as one thousand or ten thousand, and
trust

44 THE MENTAL

trust me, my Achilles, I never deceive! truth indeed has been my ruin; could I have ly'd, betray'd, flatter'd, fawn'd, cajol'd, brib'd, plotted, conspir'd, pimp'd, whisper'd, bullied, hector'd, and stood a kick like my neighbours, I should now have rode in my coach, nor been obliged to have invented this glass for my subsistence. However, it proves necessity is the mother of all invention, for if I had not wanted, I should never have employed my mind to bring it to perfection; which, indeed, took me up more time than I'll take up of yours to explain it to you.—

But I am to tell you of my last disappointment: it was this, neither more or less—you must know, then, that the mathematics, particularly astronomy and navigation, have been my study from my youth upward, or as our countryman Shakespear says,

says, *even from my boyish days*--and yet do you know, Sir, that the mathematical mastership of that royal school under us was vacant ; and with all my merit, I could only get two votes, who were gentlemen of the body, that had the same turn themselves ; while a fellow obtained it with ease, because his father's brother married the widow of an alderman of this city—who never learned to read or write.——

My other disappointment vex'd me I own, and indeed, was the occasion of my quitting the world. You see an old building there with piazzas, not far from the South-sea House ; they have professors there of every science ; believe me, I long'd to lead an academic life, and recover the honour of that very noble foundation—noble I call it, not as founded by a nobleman, for he was only a citizen
and

and knighted, but the design is noble. The astronomy professor was vacant, I tried for it, but tried in vain ; it was given almost without asking, to a person, who scarce could call the stars by their names : yet ask the reason, and the answer is always at their mouths ? why his interest with the Duke of D——s house-keeper is very strong, and he ought to have it.——

Thus goes preferment in this most paltry country ; nor are you to wonder why the best soldiers, sea-men, mechanics, and worthy men appear to advantage in foreign courts—no man, you know, is a prophet at home. But sure they might be well treated at home, if they did not get the preferment of their country. But, instead of it, 'tis enough to be ingenious to be despised,—

I have known boobies without
number

number all the length of that great street there, who, when they have by great pains and stratagem got a man of genius to condescend so low as to pass a day with them, and have invited all their cousins and neighbours to enjoy the sight; nay, unknown to him, have been proud to own, that such a day the great and ingenious Mr. B——— past some hours there; and yet in private, this gentleman's refined conversation has been laugh'd at the moment he has quitted the room; and the beastly fellow of a city cook and common-council man, has been preferred for the continuance, because he could give them reliques of my Lord Mayor's supper re-drest, and served up not *a-la-mode de Paris*, but *a-la mode de Mansion House*.—

Visitors, my dear pupil, are very sensual. The name of friendship

48 THE MENTAL

is so pleasing, that every rascal (incapable of those noble emotions) would make you believe he invites with that view, but it is to eat and drink and not improve. Thus compassion is so amiable and excellent a virtue, that even jailors affect it. Even such as Dean Swift observes, in his beautiful description of the morning, *who would let out their flock to steal for fees*, after being reprieved for their first crime; and so run the hazard of a fresh persecution of the law, to feed them or their wives on a party of pleasure, to some hamlet near this wicked metropolis.

Indeed I scarce ever knew a man, in my vast knowledge of the human species, who did not affect to be what he was not; misers, by one feast, affect to pass for generous and hospitable, because they know the name of such a character gains respect; cowards

ards are brave, if you will believe themselves ; and butchers, pitiful. But our plan, says Chiron, is to see mankind as they are, and not as they seem.—

Indeed, says Achilles, you have taught me to do so: I feel the advantage of it, and never will swerve from your rules, which may indeed be called the golden ones. But you forgot, as the day is thick and hazy, and unfit for speculation, that you are to tell me of the new charity (yet unknown in this island) that is to engross the bulk of your fortune ; for I do imagine, that nothing less than a capital one, will arise from such an universally useful machine ; provided the world take that delight in it I do, they may not only find delight but improvement.

I stand reproved (says Chiron) and will explain myself, nay, in the
D shortest

50 THE MENTAL

shortest method I can, for the day may yet clear up, and then more material affairs, than my reveries, are to be minded.—

Why, Sir, in Holland I took the hint, and would improve upon it—the lame, and the sick, the mad, and the poor, are amply provided for in this vast metropolis; nay the people without reason, and their senses, are better taken care of, than those who are endowed with all excellence of genius; they are left, as Mr. Pope says, *To providence*: or which they mean, as well, to their wits. Thus London swarms with gentlemen fit to direct every artificer and mechanic, and yet not being bred to any particular branch, absolutely starves; while the world are fattening on his inventions. No man is so generally slighted as the gentleman genius, where they think he is paid
suffi-

sufficiently by respect ; I can't say, but it would appear so, as they seldom give him any thing else : the carpenter, the joiner, the painter, the carver, the smith, and the plaisterer care not about respect ; they want their wages, and they have them ; and, in the affair of argument and altercation, they had just as live hear themselves called by wrong names as right ones : the gentleman, like the sensitive plant, shrinks at the first touch of ill usage. He never after a slight returns again, and by this means they are easily got rid of ; not like the obsequious Frenchman when he was shut out of the door by his master, came in at the window, and that being closed, he let himself down the chimney, swearing, according to the custom of the country, that he was miserable but in the

company of so good, so great, and so generous a master.

But I wander strangely, it shall be the last time, and yet rhapsody is the fashion below there in the busy world, and why not practise it above?—There is no chance of the day recovering itself; we have lost our labour as to discerning any thing, but will not lose our time, therefore attend—And I flatter myself, in pity to the fair sufferers, you will esteem my plan—pray now attend.—

Well, then, the only unfortunate persons unprovided for, seem to me to be the unfortunate women of the town, as they are called: many of these would return to industry, and a country life, could they but get a character; that is gone, and what is worse, the very man who ruins them, next their own sex, seems their greatest

est persecutor. What can we say? is it to whiten by their sides, that females in general make them so black? for I have ever observed, that no woman is compleatly ruined 'till the mouths of her sex are open against her.

Well, in pity to these, who were all bred tenderly, and cost their mothers no trifling pains in rearing, and who, as I said before, would all return to the standard of virtue, if properly encouraged: I would erect a large building, not unlike that hospital there among the green meadows, lately raised for the protection and preservation of foundlings. My building should consist of two wings and a centre, which, as there, shou'd be the chapel.

One of these wings should be set apart for the kind reception of unfortunate ladies of superior birth; the

other for those of an inferior one. They should never meet but at chapel, and then be divided by the middle isle ; I mean this only as a mark of respect, to what the former had been, which though seemingly trifling, would raise their spirits and help forward their cure.

There should not be a man-servant about the house, nor even the garden ; nor should the domestics be those but of the very best characters, that they might by example, gain upon, and forward their repentance ; for servants of a prostitute kind, would either insult, or promote, by their ill timed discourse, their unhappy situation.

Once admitted within these walls, they should never depart but to marry, or be restored to their friends or parents : and there should be no fraud in this, for these very parents should

should tie themselves by a bond of severe penalty, that it was not for a temporary visit, but to preserve them for ever, that they took them from their solitude. But I should first have told you, that the name of the hospital should be Samaria.—

Well you see I have christened, built, and endowed it in fancy. And I hope to see it further planned than on paper; I assure you my heart bleeds for many of them : nor do I believe, but example, regularity, and sobriety, would cure the most reprobate ; and to effect this the sooner, no inflaming meats or drinks, should be allowed within the walls of Samaria: you see the name pleases me by so often repeating it.—

They should all follow their favourite labours, whether of labour or delicacy ; and as the hospital or college should find the materials,

there could be no excuse for idleness. The tapestry manufacture might succeed very well, and all those productions in lace, which every city in Flanders so eminently abound with; and the profits should go to proper trustees to keep for them, as portions on their marriage to some honest industrious tradesman, approved of by the society.

How do you like my plan, my Achilles? silence is both a proof of approbation and dislike — but you are an humane man and have an heart, and therefore it must please you. Indeed, says Achilles, I am all attention, and only wish to see your wishes and inclinations brought to perfection. But pray, if I may be so daring as to ask a question in an affair you seem to have perfected within yourself; how are the candidates to this place to be admitted?
for

for there are such very impudent ones who would wear the mask 'till they got within the walls of your Samaria, that when once admitted, would infect the whole community, by swearing, lying, noise, obscene talking, and the like—how is that to be guarded against?

Why, says Chiron, I like your question, and though a particular one, I shall give one general answer: I would have proper punishments, rather of shame than corporal ones—a badge on some conspicuous part of their dress should distinguish a delinquent; as on the other hand, a badge of honour should mark the truly meritorious: if these could not effect my design, there should be forfeitures of money from their own earnings, abatements in their food and dress, an imprisonment on days of walking in the garden, which should be the only amusement allowed.—

58 THE MENTAL

But if after all, these slight punishments had no effect; expulsion with a brand on the cheek should distinguish them through life, and by spoiling their best features, prevent their gaining by their beauty, what they might have obtained by home industry; I fancy they would easily be governed, and the better to effect this they should never sleep alone, but four in a room, and these often changed in a regular rotation; that any secrets might transpire which, from the natural treachery of mankind, you are sure to gain where numbers are concerned.

I am so charm'd at the plan, that I wish for the completion of it. The people of this island are ready enough to follow, though cold in beginning a plan of this nature; an instance of this now stands before us; where

where the Foundling Hospital has in a few years, raised its head so, as to vie with those of royal foundations, and yet how slow were we in beginning it? when every country in the known world had an orphan house of this kind, and when gentlemen who had travelled, were perpetually bringing home accounts of the success those foundations met with in all christian countries.

Oh! pray, says Achilles, don't talk only of christian countries for charity, I would sooner be distressed among those who are called barbarians, than in this very city; for observe before us a man is fallen down in a fit opposite that woollen draper's door; and yet, tho' a glass of water would recover him, it is grudged; and all the people of the house are lifting him off their steps, calling

D 6

him

60 THE MENTAL

him a bite, and a cheat, and a knave, and a trickster.

Well, as the day has continued, your history has answered my most eager wishes; but we have great arrears of conversation and observation yet to come; to morrow, I hope, we shall find fresh subjects and fair weather.

'Till then, says Achilles, I will treasure up your noble plan, and not impart it; for I suppose your principal aim is to keep it to yourself, that the world may not rob you of the satisfaction you propose to yourself, in leading the way to what I hope will be followed by every independant man of fortune in this metropolis——Adieu! to morrow will be a new day, and great are my expectations! adieu—'till then, and believe me, your
cha-

character and reputation in this world, and reward in the next, ought to be as great as those who have taken care of the lame, the mad, the sick and the aged; loss of virtue, or loss of reason, are melancholy situations. Adieu.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

OUR pupil, who now began to take great delight in his preceptor, never failed being punctual to his appointment; he was, indeed, generally before his time; which by strict observers, may be called a kind of impunctuality. As those, according to a very vulgar saying, are call'd bad pay, who pay before hand, no less than those who never pay at all. —

We will suppose, then, thrice mild and attentive reader! that our champions have again mounted the stage; and that, like critics in general, they have an undoubted right to make remarks on what passes before them; they plead the same licence too, with all others—which is, perhaps, that they are in no wise culpable themselves,

selves, and therefore can see deeper into the follies and vanities of their neighbours.

Achilles had, for some minutes, been employed in observing two gentlemen, both richly caparison'd, greeting each other in Ludgate-Street, so as almost to represent a living picture of every salutation tavern. He could not (young and unexperienced as he was yet in the heart of man) but imagine them most intimate friends and acquaintance—and seem'd to lament there were not more such in the world ! for we are certainly form'd for social life, says he—even monks of the strictest and severest orders, though forbid to converse (as I have heard those of the Chartreuse fraternities are peremptorily enjoined silence to each other) will often run the hazard of expulsion to talk together. — Am I deceived

64 THE MENTAL

ceived though? perhaps, they may not, as the world goes, be friends inwardly? pray inform me.

You are properly and judiciously diffident, says Chiron — they are what you suspect, they are two notorious gamblers; who like Lockit and Peachum in a certain opera, no doubt well known to you, by being mutually able to hang each other, are of course very silent and very complaisant; the man in green and gold with a bag-wig, if he dar'd, would call the other, drest in blue embroidery, a very great rascal, if he was not afraid of hearing the same word re-eccho'd to him again. So runs the world in general.

Prime m——rs are afraid of m——rs, and m——rs of prime m——rs, the secrets are mutual; and there would be as little satisfaction in a quarrel between such people,

people, as with two prostitutes in Drury-Lane, where you're a whore and you're another, would be the Alpha and Omega of their dialogue. Nor is this confin'd to high life only, the quarrel would turn out just the same with the physician and apothecary, the counsellor and attorney, the taylor and the woollen-draper, the glazier and plumber, or still more I fear, between the publisher and author. But that you may not take it entirely on my *ipse dixit*, hold the glass and judge for yourself.

Achilles obeyed! and would in a moment have returned the telescope to him again, with every satisfaction, had not Chiron expressly bid him continue looking; for, says he, these are characters worth studying, so tell me if I am right! are they not as much as they hate each other in general, in this particular united?
they

66 THE MENTAL

they are now meditating the ruin of a young gentleman this evening, and proposing an hour's meeting at some secure and proper place to cog the dice, and mark the cards they are to play with this evening: they are allotting to themselves his freeholds, his copyholds, his *lands and beaves*, as Shakespear calls them, and dividing the lion's skin before the beast is well destroyed; they are premature in this dissection of their animal, for in less than an hour, if we tho't it worth while to pursue them, you would see them both dragg'd to prison by a chief justice's warrant; never mind them, let them go, here are objects better worth your attention and speculation.

Achilles obeyed, as indeed, the mildness of his preceptor's behaviour claimed all obedience; and looking again said, that groupe of ladies
there,

there, seem so chearful, that I almost envy them; at this great distance I seem to hear them laugh and aloud too: fancy governs very much, but if those people are not happy, I am mistaken--why you never were more so I believe, says Chiron. They are all sad at heart, they are all kept mistresses! uncertain with all that *gayeté du cœur*, and trick'd off in all that finery, whether at the week's end, they shall be secure of any certain habitation.

They are all privately in debt, for what they dare not own to their keepers; and the moment they are turn'd off, will all feel the misery of debtors without a friend to relieve them; and, indeed, if you knew all, they do not deserve one. She in blue, who seems so smiling, free and good natured, quitted not many days ago her keeper's arms, for those of his groom; from whom she received an injury
(which

68 THE MENTAL

(which you had better imagine than I express) the which she has communicated to her best friend; so that a few days will end her power and grandeur; for the moment he finds out that his health is in danger, you will see as Othello says, that *the food which was sweeter than locusts, will then be as bitter as coliquintida.*

The lady in pink colour, has a similar head and similar heart; tho' her fate will in the end be different: with that very meek countenance of her's, I assure you, she can not only use her tongue, but her hand: and, in a few days, in a heat of passion she will murder her paramour with his own pistol. There is no knowing the world, says Achilles—as far as my bare eye could guide me, I own, I thought her little less than angel, nor must I dispute what you say, when the proof is so near at hand, for

I presume you have carefully watch'd them with your glass, which I am now impatient to do also. Hold, says Chiron! I fear it will set you against the sex: the groupe are large and numerous, and if two of them have made so unfavourable an impression on you, I fear the rest will not improve upon your liking. However, if you'll promise not to be a woman hater and impeach the author, I will tell you the real and exact history of all the rest. You may depend, says Achilles, on my discretion and silence, for I agree with you that the sex, like catholic priests, tho' they'll attack each other individually themselves, yet they all unite if any one attacks them. But I'm impatient to know what relates to the rest of them, and I think there are seven more whose history is yet unknown to me.

The

70 THE MENTAL

The lady in yellow who makes the third in that groupe before us, is the daughter of a once considerable merchant in this city; he fail'd in trade, was a bankrupt, and something so very bad appeared on a scrutiny of his affairs, that his creditors shew'd him little or no favour afterwards. I mention this only to shew that the family must of course be in great distress. There were three daughters all tolerably handsome. But this lady, whose fate is our present subject and object, was the fairest and most accomplish'd, owing to the peculiar fondness of her aunt, who, from a very small purse and pittance of income, gave her additional education over her other sisters. What an ungrateful world we live in! and, as a very great writer says, how many people in life will do a generous thing, while one is very seldom found,

found, that can, or will do a grateful one.

While the family were now in the utmost distress, uncertain what paths they should or had the opportunity of taking; a young merchant, by name Horatio, address'd himself to this lady, whose parents, no doubt, accepted his offers. He foolishly imagined distress had softened her mind, if ever, indeed, her mind stood in need of it; but moreover thought, and even said, my raising her from the dust will be such a tie upon her conduct and temper, that no doubt I shall be the happiest of all men. To all which she answered yes, though not in that plain monosyllable, for she had the sex's arts, to blush, to speak half words, to faint, to assent, to pity and to weep as occasion required: Well, a marriage almost ensued; Horatio to shew how noble
his

his intentions were, made her a present of 4000*l.* saying, that then she was independant, and that he should take more pleasure in courting his equal, than inferior; and left it to her honour afterwards, whether she would make him the happy man or no, adding, that if she could find a worthier, he would honourably, tho' she could not think willingly, resign her.

The lawyers had done their part in fixing the money in her hands; the priest was ready, much expence of wedding clothes ensued, the very coaches were engaged to carry the parties into country air, the better to consummate their nuptials. When on a sudden miss was not to be found; and time, the faithful revealer of all human secrets, inform'd them, that miss the night before went away with a young Irish lieutenant

tenant ; lived with him in defiance of wedlock, 'till the bold hero had melted down her fortune. When after variety of struggles, necessities, disappointments, and vexations, incident to that part of the fair sex ; she became as common as the beaten path of Fleet-Street. Shall I describe another to you ? their characters and situations are so similar, that I think I need not—and yet I think that lady in the striped sack requires some little mention ; for her case is very unfortunate, and though she deserved pity from her friends in particular, and the world in general ; she never found it but in myself, and I don't doubt but she will in you, whose tenderness I have often watch'd, when I tell you what I know of her.

She was the daughter of a merchant too, who educated her, and

VOL. I. E her

her sisters more elegantly than he ought, as he privately knew his circumstances; while they were entirely ignorant whether they were hereafter to be the customer or shopkeeper—or in other words, the dependant or fine lady. To come to the point; that very lady married a young gentleman against consent, who was then a student at Oxford or Cambridge, and under age. This was a fine plea to save a fortune, which never was intended to be given, and which, indeed, the father had not to give. But a great clamour ensues——miss is pack'd away with the old heart-breaking paternal hint; as we find put into Priuli's mouth in Venice Preserved.——

—Get brats and starve—

Fa-

Family intercessions were all rather fresh fuel to the villain's anger, than mitigation and alleviation of this horrible and unpardonable offence; for the young gentleman dying under age could not make any provision for her: the doors at home were all cruelly shut, and as strict orders given to render no assistance, as there were to those who would have thrown a loaf in the path of Jane Shore. Every relation was forbid to entertain her, on fulminating threats of not being sharers of his favours at his death, which numbers expected, and expected in vain,——

The young lady's case was truly deplorable; she throws herself into the dependency of a servant, rather than take to this evil course — But the very woman, under whose go-

vernment she put herself, sold her to infamy, and contrived such ways and means to undo her, as the poor lady could not well escape—what think you? she had opium given her to destroy her senses awhile, during which interval she fell a sacrifice to lust and brutality.

I could almost wish, says Achilles, some kind friend would relieve her. You have, answered Chiron, anticipated my intentions—my plan is for her happiness—I know her heart, I know her sufferings, and truly suffer for her; in a few days she will be happy. Ask no particulars, how or where—enough at present; yet I promise it shall be so, and I never deceived you yet in any thing.

But our time is expired — you remember what an engagement we have upon our hands—there is no failing in
in

in it—'tis to solicit you know, a pardon for a poor felon, and to morrow is the day of execution—Judge if we have a moment to lose—away! what remains below are trifles to the very momentous affairs we have in hand—nothing less than bringing a miserable being into life and happiness—both which I know he deserves.

C H A P. V.

I Have tried most pleasures in their turn (said Chiron as he and his pupil ascended the stairs this morning) ever since I first knew London I have been as late at a tavern, eat as hearty a meat supper, and drank as plentiful a bottle to my share, as any alderman of a ward, or his deputy; and yet I found it all vanity and vexation of spirit.—

I have been a great Dilitanti in my time too, said Chiron, and seldom or ever miss'd visiting the evening entertainment among those green trees there on the other side the Thames—and yet after a time it all vanished like a last night's dream, scarce leaving an impression to found a common story on. Nay, I even went further! for I lov'd dress, and women,
and

and splendor, and equipage ; but grew as tired of the seeming sweets of all these things, as a confectioner's young apprentice does of his master's dainty commodities, and for the same reason too, because they were in possession—What says my friend Pope ?

“ Pleasures are ever in our hands

“ or eyes :

“ And, when in act they cease, in

“ prospect rise.”

But I now most ingeniously declare to you, my Achilles ! that I have little other amusement left for my snuff of life, than observing myself, or communicating my observations to others. But this humour of mine extends not to every body—and however open I am to you, from a sympathy I can't express, I am very

80 THE MENTAL

recluse to others, infomuch that I have been often and am still called the hermit, the philosopher, old morose, the cynic, the snarler, and what not ; names which I privately smiled at, as it prov'd what I more immediately wisht for ; namely, that I had done with life, and was not a man of this world.——

To tell you the truth, my Achilles, it is unhappy to be let behind the scenes of this life ; the play goes on well enough while we are deceived, and really think like children, that heroes, are heroes, and lovers, lovers, but like the true theatre of life, heroes do very dirty things behind the curtain, and there is no hate so keen as that of tragedy or comedy lovers.——

The first plays we see of either the public or private stage, are the most pleasing. We are surprized, delighted,

delighted, puzzled how it should be, eager for a second, a third, and a fourth, till at last judgment ripening, and an unlucky admittance by some unkind friend behind the scenes to a rehearsal, discovers the king a beggar, the nun no better than a prostitute, and the priest or friar a drunken sot; you depart vext, wish you had never seen so much, and from that very day hate your once most favourite amusement.——

How proud is the country alderman to have his hand squeez'd by a duke, or if his grace stands godfather the whole family are in extasy. A few years afterwards, my lord's promisory bill of words not being honour'd or accepted, the poor wretch fees for the future with different eyes, and almost hates the sight of a coronet as it passes through the town, much more if it stops at his door.—

82 THE MENTAL

Pray, was he not the happier man while the pleasing dream of his disappointment lasted ; and so was I, my Achilles, while like a Frenchman, I believed that my mind rejoiced, and was even ravished at my happiness, or mortified and confounded at my misery.—

But of all dreams, the dream of love is the most enchanting while it lasts ; the touch of the hand, the whisper, the gew-gaw present, but above all, the irresistible tear from those we love, is what one would wish not to be awaken'd from ; and yet women are such animals, that like beggars, they at once declare the protection they sought and even obtained was not for the honour of it, but to save them from a worse persecution : either some old snarling mother-in-law, spiteful aunt, or envious maiden sister, was what she fled from,

from, and so took shelter under you. But I see we are arrived.—Come, let us lose no time, perhaps we may find some objects and proofs in point, as the lawyers term it.—The sooner we begin the better.——

If so, says Achilles, pray tell me at once, before they get out of sight, who that lady and gentleman are, walking arm in arm, no doubt happy, for they smile and are well dressed.—A common trap, says Chiron, perhaps the two very material symptoms of their being miserable. But as they seem in a hurry, and may perhaps by turning up some by street or court, disappear from our eyes, pray take the glass, and tell me what you find.——

Why, at once the contrary, says Achilles. The man has injured the lady in her bed, though but lately married, in a particular manner, and

84 THE MENTAL

the woman is generous enough to go with him to a surgeon, and even let it pass at home for some disorder natural to the sex, while she enters into and goes through a proper regimen. She seem'd a woman of a thousand just now, but she pretended among friends, as the fortune was on her side, to marry him for love; and it is more to avoid the jeers of her sex, than out of regard to him; for the real and unfeigned reason of marrying him was to know the lawful pleasures of matrimony in safety, and get rid of many poor relations, who hung heavy on her, and who now are forced to depart—because she cries, You know my dear cousins and kinsfolks, women have no power, and I am afraid to disobey my husband.——

As to the husband, says Chiron, take away your glass a moment, and I will prove to you that he is not to blame;

blame ; for his wife gave him the disorder : she on account of this new marriage was obliged to stay longer than ordinary for some certain ceremonies, and so knowing the sanction would come at last, she run a hazard with a young lawyer's clerk of the one or other, either a child, or what she is now plagued with. But these are secrets she never will declare.—

But my Achilles, you hit upon such unlucky objects, that I lose one of the ends of my coming here ; which is, to be the laughing and not weeping philosopher,—there are plenty enough of objects, can't you select them as you would in the prospect of a country ; if your glass presented you with a sandy desert or brown heath, you would without being order'd, move it so as to please your eye with a fresh object of trees
and

and waters, would you not? then why not practise the same here?—

Why, to tell you the truth, says Achilles, I am for diving into the deepest distress of human nature, *I like this rocking of the battlements*, says Zanga, and even in illness I would always beg to know the worst that might befall me. A physician in illness like a physician in philosophy, who would deceive and soothe me, should never have a second fee from me.——

But I believe, says Achilles, that I shall now please you. That young gentleman in deep mourning, who is bending his course towards doctors commons, no doubt has buried some covetous father or rich relation, and will now meet the reward of his long patience and suffering. I can imagine him chearful enough, now! what say you my kind preceptor?—

Why,

Why, only that you never were more deceived in all your life,—his father is indeed dead, and has left him a considerable estate, but 'tis involved so by the son's engagements, that it is scarce worth his taking the name of it; this makes him melancholy, the money is long since spent, and now his imagination gives him a noble fortune which he can never enjoy. He has an income of one thousand five hundred pounds per annum in his mind, in his pocket it will be quite otherwise.—

Most of the debts he paid an extravagant premium and interest for at first, his vexation is to pay in earnest a full hundred pounds for which he never received twenty. If I had had patience, says he, till now, I should have been happy : this occasions those tears you perceive he is now shedding, while you perhaps think they
are

88 THE MENTAL

are for his father, but take the glass and be convinced, by informing your own eyes.——

I see it all but too plain, my good Chiron. I believe for many an hundred pounds he not even received ten, for I see his method of raising money when in distress was this,—he would buy a silver tea-kettle at a most exorbitant price, and the money not being ready, interest was to be calculated till his father's death on a common book valuation.—

When all this was settled, and the proper security given, he would then pledge it for a small sum for the current service of the week. After which, when it had laid so long as to be forfeited almost for want of redemption, the same goldsmith was to take it out, and by paying a trifle more than it was pledg'd for, recover the possession of the piece of plate, and
all

all this within the small compass of half a year.—

But examine closer, says Chiron, and you will see still further follies which he has been guilty of, for the sake of some ready cash; his estate is now the only income of many, who have very affluent annuities from it, while he would be refused a dinner at the table of any of them, and when he is helping himself, be desired *to cut fair and eat all*, an expression which divided, or in the whole is perhaps the severest to a feeling mind of any in our copious languages.—

I have so little luck, says Achilles, in finding pleasing objects, that I despair of any this day, and the approaching shower will prevent me from the chance of it for the rest of the time, as I see it already begins to wet those holiday people in the fields

fields there, and you know I have unluckily engaged myself to be at court to day. Yet, before we depart, pray let me explain to myself the hearts and designs of those two gentlemen who are going on the turf behind that great house there (where I see daily cart-loads of curiosities, books, &c. entering) with drawn swords and fulminatory countenances,—some deep revenge no doubt, some point of honour which cannot otherwise be made up I suppose, but by the sword, what say you,—

Why, as I generally do, my Achilles, says Chiron, I say they are not what they seem, no more than the world in general, they are no more angry than you or I are at this instant of time and conversation. The affair is what the bucks at the Bedford or George's, call a humm on the town, and is to answer

swer two several ends, which does not well appear, but by my assistance or that of my glass, pray now hear and believe me.—

They are both officers, and to raise a little reputation (knowing under what disadvantages and slurs they are at present) have, by private consent agreed to have a little rencounter at a time they know they shall soon be interrupted, it being the proper time of day for such an affair; and to carry the proposed end of being parted,—the places to give and receive a flesh wound in, are also settled between them; and you will soon perceive, if you can give yourself the trouble to look, that they are excellent marksmen, for they vary as little in the wound with their swords, as the most skillful and ingenious surgeon would with his knife; and indeed, to make the matter sure, they

jointly

jointly consulted a very eminent practitioner in that way, to prevent the wound being mortal. It is by this accident the secret will be made publick, for the physical gentleman is apt to drink and tell pleasant stories, and rather than lose his reputation at his club, he even tells the whole of this, the truth, and nothing but the truth.—

I see, says Achilles, that one end, though an odd one, is answer'd : but pray what is the other ? I don't well judge what further one can succeed, and even this, I find but for a little while,—which is as long as it ought.—

Why the other will indeed make you laugh. A lady of fortune is the point in view with the tallest of the two dreadful combatants (mark how they look and strut, and please themselves) and it is contrived by a letter, which is of course to be intercepted

cepted by a third person, that the shortest red-coated warrior is to speak slightly of her ; and confirm it under his own hand,—to defend this lady's honour, fame, reputation, and what not, the duel ensues, and the flesh wound shewn to her is to be the purchase of herself, and which is better, her fortune.---

But even this unluckily comes to light ; for the lady, by waiting a length of time, heard the surgeon's story, and so imagined it might be trick upon trick. Thus are they both disappointed, and in a few years, as I could explain, are forced to sell their commissions, and retire into a foreign country, pretending like many others, that they had been slighted at home, and that no man was a soldier any more than a prophet in his native country.

Achilles took Chiron's word, as
the

94 THE MENTAL

the time drew near to retire, and the relating further particulars of the young heroes, he knew would pass the minutes away till they got into the street, where it was agreed before hand, they were to part and different ways too,—one being engaged at the court, and the other in the city,—where friendship dwells there is little ceremony, for they generally met with no other word than good-day, and parted with that truly pious one. Adieu.—

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THERE is scarce an instance, said Chiron this morning when he had gained the proper station, of any man's time or merit being rewarded in this paltry country, unless some borough or p——y interest can be join'd ; and when that is the case, the latter is always very artfully concealed, that it may still pass for merit and virtue, in both the person who gives and receives the favour—for their own sakes they act thus ! no thanks to them ! They would not be known to do one villainous action though a thousand may be suspected ; and always tell you how cautious they are in the disposition of their favours, and that recommendations are of no earthly weight with them.——

But,

96 THE MENTAL

But, your *congez d'elire*—to elect a b——p is of all ceremonies the most droll, if not the most wicked; they meet, they go to prayers, they implore heaven to direct them in a proper choice; while all the time the bishop is chose at a certain round table, and his name is wrote down before their eyes, with as irrevocable a fiat, as the famous laws of the Medes and Persians ———

By the procession below leading to this church, and the colour of their liveries, they seem all bent on the same errand — what affected ignorance and innocence of the affair! they know not a word about it to be sure! and no doubt will be very much surpris'd when it happens: what think you, or rather what will you say to these things?—

Nothing says Chiron. I take the world and life as it runs—my wishes
can

can never make it better—and my curses (were I so wickedly inclined) can never make it worse: I sometimes think it was better when I was young — and yet I correct myself immediately again, and say it is only my unextended mind which made the difference. Though to tell you the truth, the wheel is at the top of the hill now, and will descend apace.—

Vice is absolutely fashionable—it is the introduction to almost every society, and the only step to human advancement. The world in general dislike virtue, as those of weak eyes can't bear the light; darkness, or at least a dim light, suits both of them best, and let them enjoy it! they can't, according to the old saying, be charged with sitting in their own light, for they always work in the dark.—

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But

98 THE MENTAL

But let us proceed to business! we can discourse below—after the trouble we have given ourselves to climb this cloud-capt dome, it were pity to lose one moment's observation—though I own one piece of conversation begets another; as naturally as lying, flattery, treachery, dissimulation, corruption, bribery and villainy of all kinds beget advancement in every profession and station of life.—

Well, my Achilles, what news? you seem intent enough, if the objects are worthy of it,—tell me what commands your speculation so—do you want my opinion or my glass, for you seem to pay me such implicit faith of late that you will hardly examine further than my advice; though I had rather you would suspect me a little, the better to qualify you for life in general?

Why

Why I love to hear you talk and glory in your instruction—therefore I appeal to you more than to your glass ; that pleasure I can enjoy when you are not present with me ; believe me I flatter not ! and you, who know the heart of man, and inmost secrets of the mind, would soon discountenance me, if I did deceive you.—

But pray what is that young gentleman doing ~~there~~ (the clergyman I should say) who by his glass, for I can see through his room window, is seemingly painting himself, and in so great a hurry to go out ? sure he can't be such a coxcomb ! besides, contrary to all schemes of that kind, he looks paler and paler at every stroke.

He means it as such, my Achilles, says Chiron—he is one of the new sect called Methodists, and having naturally a full and rosy cheek, they

hardly believe him one of their fraternity, nor do his audience thoroughly affect him ; they cried he did not look studious enough—that plenty was not the idea they had of a preacher, but of a man in affliction, a man of sorrow and cares, rejected, scorn'd, despised and buffeted, like those he so faintly endeavours to imitate.

Upon this he disappeared for a year or two (I know the hypocrite full well) and in obedience to his best friends advice, he now wears barnacles, paints himself of a pale and livid colour, and not a man of the whole body is so caress'd, so followed, and so applauded ! he is all of a sudden a man after God's own heart ; has an utter contempt for money as they think, as also for delicate fare. But believe me, from the halfpenny dish, he has collected ten thousand pounds, and to night will
sup

sup more elegantly than any alderman of this great city, and eat as heartily too.—

Come, take my glass—trust no longer to reports, believe your own eyes, and tell me, for this is a character I enjoy and hold very high, will you yourself discern more of him than I have related?—and pray then be expeditious, for I have a gallant hard in view, from whom I expect much pleasure and entertainment.—

Why truly, says Achilles, by the glass I can discover him the prince of all hypocrites; for I see he has no real religion at heart; that he has the pride and insolence of a dignitary of the first head; and further, he has as little learning as merit; for as to the first, I see him turning over his old lexicon, to find out the meaning of a word or two which has hap-

pened in the course of the sermon he preaches to day (by which one may easily guess it is not his own) and as to the last he endeavoured to debauch a b————'s daughter, in hopes to command a marriage and preferment also; but being disappointed of both, and despairing of future church preferment, he turned Methodist, because he could not quit double orders to get money, and he wanted that ingredient of life as much as any foot soldier under stoppage.

I was in hopes, says Achilles, that hypocrisy had hitherto escaped that profession, and was old-fashioned enough to imagine, that they, of all mankind, were exactly as they seemed—but I see, live and learn is to be the motto of this life, and should be mine on a chariot, if I was vain enough to set up one, in preference to

I

that

that silly fellow's below, now passing through the Church-Yard, who has *bold and loyal* on each door—tho' I firmly believe him to be no braver than his companions of the pike, and as to his loyalty I believe the *point d'argent point de suisse* is the true motto of every officer from the truncheon to the colours.

Well, my Achilles, why so intent all on a sudden — and what do you discover? if you don't impart I shall look on you as I do on the common run of partners in business; who, the moment they can do for themselves, want to change hands, and deal singly for themselves; but I only jest — your silence is attention and not policy.

I am amusing myself, says Achilles, with the prospect of at least half a dozen Templers, if I may judge by their dress and situation, who are

F 4 walking.

walking near their hall perhaps to get an appetite to their commons—is it so? they walk faster and faster at every turn, and shew great uneasiness at their dinner not being ready——at least this is my surmise?

Mistaken again, says Chiron—a great post in the law was filled up to day, and there is not one of that knot there who did not think he should be the appointed person; but they are all mistaken—you may hear them damn the profession, the m—y the world and themselves, all in the same breath; swearing merit never was and never will be rewarded: nor can they trace any channel to honour and the great in this circumstance; but a western borough or two which he carries for the court interest.

How important every one appears.

pears in his own eyes through every profession? there is not a man there who is fit to be secretary to the great personage already in possession of the post; and yet they all talk of quitting, flinging up, opposition of every kind and the like—when Heaven knows, they are scarce known but at the coffee-house and the eating-house they make use of; and are only terrible to their barber and their shoe-boy, who tremble only to get another sixpence, tyrants being as easily conquered as they seem to conquer others.

It was the same knot of gentlemen with the addition of a few more, who thought themselves of consequence enough to make the m——r of that church uneasy, because they would not make up a part of his congregation; but all the while he rather rejoices at their absence—for they

F 5. were

were a very noisy and troublesome crew, and most people besides himself looked on them as little better than a nuisance.

Come turn your eyes this way my Achilles, and guess the business of that man below there, near the gate-way, over which only citizens of London have a privilege to reside—a sorry privilege! but I assure you they are very important there, and tower it over their neighbours as much as officers in the guards do over their brethren of marching regiments, or private troopers and dragoons over infantry with blister'd feet and tatter'd shoes.

Why, I am puzzling who he is, said Achilles; he seems grave and benevolent, and by his fixed attention towards the building, I imagine he is pitying the people who are the unfortunate inhabitants there.

Still

Still mistaken, says Chiron. He is meditating to have an act passed by his own interest and immediate power, for all debtors under one hundred pounds to be released; but cheers himself that the person he has confined there will be a prisoner still, for my debt, says he, is an hundred guineas—and I will not release him of the odd shillings, though I know he would give them me and more besides—no, no. You see a pleasure in his eyes, but it arises from revenge; how meek he looks! he is a tyrant in his heart, beyond what I can describe, or you would desire to hear, nor shall you be indulged with my glass on this occasion, for I would fain hide some of the human species from you, least they should give you by their actions as great an aversion to mankind as a man is too apt to gather from the natural occurrences of life,

108 THE MENTAL

To tell you the truth, every thing in life seems more grateful than man, many a one can and does perform a generous thing, but few a grateful one. I discoursed you pretty well on this head some days ago, when I observed that it affected you so, that I could scarce get you to refrain from tears: well, never be concerned—while interest governs, the world will be as you see it; treacherous, faithless, lying, cheating, dissembling, false-swearing, back-biting, sneering, boasting, vaunting and the like.

. Come, never think to make them better! bad as they are, we are both passengers, as the honest Hibernian said: and indeed I truly think myself so—for as I pass along the street or travel in the country—in both which places I see equal villany practised in proportion to numbers—I seem
not

not to belong to the society I see before me.

If I see a murderer almost putting his schemes in execution, I shrug my shoulders, and say to myself, it is E——d ! there is no hope of any thing else there ! I suppose the poor sufferer has a good estate, and the villain there wants to enjoy it.—His betters have set him the example ; and even the best of them, though they will not run the hazard of the laws by committing a direct murder, will do much worse. They will hire people to run down your fair good name and reputation ; they will betray your best secrets ; they will ruin your credit by a letter in the country, where you would fain live happy, and in short, do that slowly, which the dagger would do effectually. For life, when reputation is gone, is of but little value.

But

110 THE MENTAL

But we'll discuss this point below, or as we are walking.

With all my heart, says Achilles, since mankind are so corrupt, and yet are such a labyrinth, I think the sooner the clue is given the better; I shall understand them in good time by your assistance, as incomprehensible as they pretend to be—but the thanks are due to you, I own it—and when I cease to own the obligation, may I cease to live, or which is worse, to be thought ill of by you—so much for the observations of another day..

CHAR.

CHAP. VII.

C O M E, to business ! to business ! said Chiron, the moment they arrived on the old spot, for Achilles was going to enter on argumentative affairs, which Chiron thought out of season, when the weather was so amazingly clear, bright and inviting—at once, for I think after so many public and private lectures you well may ; prithee tell me who that man is below in a suit of black, tye-wig, and sword (the barristers uniform) without recourse to my glass.---

Why I take him, says Achilles, to be a physician or barrister ; if the former of the two, he is going to Batson's, to make believe he has messages, letters, or cards left there. If the latter, why most likely he is walking towards his gown, which is
pru-

112 THE MENTAL

prudently left at some Coffee-house near Guildhall, where he will damn the coach he never rode in to day, and cry, he wisht he had walkt, and then he should not have had the head-ach.

Ha, ha, ha, your observation is chearful, and in general might be right. But in this particular circumstance, you have miss'd your aim, but you borrowed perhaps too, without knowing it, a thought of the immortal dean Swift's, who in his city shower, paints a counsellor in such lively and striking colours, that he is never to be forgot. I produce it only to shew that it is the general mark of that vain, boasting, tho' right honourable profession.

“ The templar spruce while ev'ry
“ spout's abroach ;
“ Stays till it's fair,—yet seems to
“ call a coach.

But

But now, to let you know who he is, and where you differ from me; take the glafs. He is an author, but bred to phyfic, in which he took what they call a good degree, or in other words, was blest with an happy memory, and had friends. Refusing to visit a lady of fashion's dog, or the dog's lady, or both together, no matter how, she tired three pair of horses in a day often, and kill'd one a month to run him down as no physician, a man of some knowledge, but no practice, and theory was nothing.

The foolish man, fond of his pen (as people generally are of what they do not profess) attack'd her in print; money governs all. The family were rich, gave suppers, had drums, routs, rackets, hurricans and thunder claps (new names for evening amusements, my Achilles) and

and so with ease drove over a walking physician.

Do you know among friends that he is not half so miserable as the world make him, and think him to be ; for he privately says he is glad, though he threatens her aloud, and cries, I never should have been known for a poet and genius in literature, but for this accident ; and there are at least a thousand physicians in London in obscurity, but a genius owing to the small number, must be known, admired and respected.—

He try'd this scheme, and repeated his own sonnets, odes, epigrams, madrigals, cantata's, &c. till his friends having seen him once round, desired no further sight or knowledge of him, and now he wants a dinner ; but hopes some of the trade in the church yard below, who
drink

drink claret out of author's skulls, will pay him the price of a beef stake, for a paraphrase on one of Horace's most favourite odes.—

Poor man! the very people who laid traps to get acquainted with him the other day, now keep him at arm's length, and tell him his pursuit should be fame, for that after he got a name, he may make his own terms: but at present, he is nobody. Yet if he will leave the ode, or whatever he may call it, with them gratis, they will honour it with a place in their chronicle, or next magazine; and further adds, but in a whisper, that (as I am one of the proprietors of the review, I must not say which) it shall be spoke well of, for we play off this trick on the world often among friends, and they know nothing of the matter. We generally run down all their books we have

no property in ourselves, but take special care to raise the fame of the vilest trash which we send to market.—

By this stratagem we manage pretty well, and fetch ourselves home; otherwise, some needy Scotchman or other used to give such a dash with his pen on our favourite performances, that they seldom or ever got over it.—I am sorry I can't ask you to dine, but have select friends; some other day I shall be glad, and so plaisters him over with all that stale jargon of ceremony, which those only believe who never wanted such favours.—

Well, well, tho' you trust me, come take the glass, and believe nobody as long as you live 'till they sign and seal; if you do, be punish'd deservedly.—Will you have a peep at the author? observe he is, for want of even.

even the price of a bason of soup, going into shops and cheapning to pass away the middle hours of the day, which if not spent under cover, look very suspicious always, and are as sure signs of a man's wanting a dinner, as that of a parson in his canonicals walking in service hours, is of his having no wages that day, but those of sin.——

Well! and what think you of that lady stepping into the silver-smith's. Guess, and guess again, till you are tired, and I'll engage you know her not; she seems happy and rich, does she not? I'll prove to you she is neither. But prithee take the glass, I'm tired of explaining for the present: you'll see in a minute, what I should be whole hours expatiating on.——

The devil take her! I wish I had never look'd; I thought her modest,
inno-

innocent, honest, a person of rank and honour if not of wealth, but I see her errand in a borrowed chariot, is first, either to get credit or pilfer. Observe how nicely she conveys those tea-spoons into her glove, and wraps that pepper box up in her handkerchief. Will she escape? yes, faith! pleased with the glitter of a chariot at their door, the partners never examine her till she gets off. And then, observe, a quarrel ensues betwixt them; for the elder one of the two, who is married, damns the other's eyes heartily, and swears it was owing to his admiring her features, that the mischief came.—This comes says he, of whoring with eyes, for I can prove that expression to be right from doctor R——n's last sermon at St. D——n's, and therefore we must part, unless you will marry and be honest. On this the partnership

nership is dissolved, but if you desire to know all, the young man is a bankrupt first, owing to the extravagance of his wife.—

No doubt, says Achilles, the batchelor triumphs most gloriously in his turn ; and in truth, I do not entirely discommend him, for if I saw aright, the married gentleman look'd as amorously at her as the other ; but under the sanction of marriage, it is called only curiosity, which in the single man is lewdness.——

Come look sharp, my Achilles, there seems great variety to day, and pray don't let us lose an object we have time to examine, though but in a cursory manner, what think you of that grave officer there ? I would say brave, but that I privately know his history, and am convinced to the contrary.——

Come

Come then, for you seem shy of being convinced. He was broke for cowardice years ago, but having outliv'd most of his friends, his intimates, and contemporaries, the affair is pretty well forgot. So now like a modern soldier, he wears a red coat, black wig, and long sword, swears the service is not worth following, and therefore he has resigned all thoughts of a military life, but seems to rejoice when any scheme of the M——y runs cross, and among the pot or bottle companions of his friendship, swears it is owing to men of merit being entirely laid aside. He is the most compleat noll-bluff living, and rather than not live and live well, will lose any man's good opinion, rather than a good dinner.—

But let us, says Achilles, with all submission to your pleasure, bend our eyes towards the groupe of figures

gures in a park there, by its being wall'd round, which seems to be Hyde-park ; nay, I see the fatal tree well known in song not far from it, which convinces me I am right, pray what are they doing ?——

What they should not do, you may be assured if they are well drest, and have the appearance and air of quality and gentry. They are admirably well drest, says Achilles, and therefore I the more admire their very still and fixt situation, for at this time of the day, most of their associates are walking or taking the air in carriages or on horse back.—

Why then, to put you out of all doubt, puzzle and expectation, they are the fellows, and senior ones too, of the colledge of St. Arthur's in St. James's street, a religious and almost royal foundation ; no less than

twenty different bets of most insignificant nature to the eye, but material, as to the depending sums, will be determined this very day. You would be amazed to think what strange feats are practised out of doors by this set of animals, and what more strange ones are set on foot within the walls of that sacred colledge; but not to dwell on that which may be a future subject, at present, the first wager of 10,000l (for they have not finisht it) is a man's picking up an hundred stones at a yard distance, and returning with them to one point within the hour. That impudent looking fellow in red there, who has much depending, and piques himself on being an atheist in general, had the prayers of the church put up for one in affliction, and indeed he will be in affliction enough

enough if he loses his bet, for it's all he has in the world of himself or by credit of friends.——

Another wager is two toads, who have been in training for above these six months, which shall crawl ten yards first—would you think not less than a sum which would raise a regiment, nay, cloaths and accoutrements afterwards, depends on the event of this. But it does, and I do further assure you, that one of the parties concerned received a letter, wrote almost as deplorable as a petition to a lord almoner but this morning from his mother, who is on her death bed, for common subsistence money, and he had the assurance to say he could not afford it, but had the filial duty to observe, that if he won his wager, he would send her some trifle, on condition she would

sign a kind of release from all future contributions.——

There is a third wager of larger size still depending, who can hop furthest of those two young gentlemen in scarlet—they are commission officers, and cry they have the honour to serve his m——y: nay further, to serve their country. You may judge by this single instance out of many, which would appear if one could trace them home, what gallant commanders they are; and yet they believe they are, because a link boy once called them both most noble commanders and invincible captains.

I wish, says Achilles, I had not been so curious. I was in hopes, seeing most of them in scarlet, that they were at some feat of manly exercise, such as fencing, wrestling, drawing the bow, or the like. Prithee, says Chiron,

Chiron, know life better ; they both purchased their commissions, they look'd on it as good interest for their money ; wish they had been in the horse the moment war was declared ; and now, if they pray ever at all, pray heartily for a peace,—of them the army I fear is constructed. B—gh interest or pocket money does all,—not one of these gentlemen but would have a nervous disorder, and beg leave to resign, if there was occasion for their presence abroad. Believe me, I know their hearts, and as I think it not worth while to lose our time to day in viewing so small a number, we will retire for the present, and the first day of a public review your eyes shall be feasted, though your heart is not gratified, with those tremendous gentlemen.—Come, leave them to their

126 THE MENTAL

bets and their wagers, I am sick of
the fight, and can say with Addison
in his Cato,

“ Oh ! when shall I get loose
“ from this vain world,
“ The abode of guilt and sor-
“ row.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

WHAT a burying in the open day-light? said Achilles to his preceptor the moment they arrived at their point of observation; to be sure they are destin'd to go some very long journey to deposite the remains of the deceased gentleman (for no less can he be with all that apparatus and ceremony) in the family vault of his ancestors—perhaps in Essex, Suffolk, or some place still more distant.

I have often heard it said of burials, that there are seldom any such chearful hearts as on those occasions and at those ceremonies. But here sure there must be real grief, by the respect the survivors shew to his memory in the expence they put themselves too—for there is more of

truth in what comes from the pocket than what falls from the eyes—tears are the small coin of every artful mourner—Who, had he been the heir, would perhaps, have shuffled his benefactor into a second-hand coffin, and made believe the deceased insisted on a private burial—otherwise he would have paid proper honour to his memory.

Still deceived, my Achilles! still a dupe to your eyes, notwithstanding my glafs and the many lectures you have had from your friend Chiron. However, one part of the fact you are right in, for the mourners do really mourn, though not for the deceased. But notwithstanding the pegeantry you see below, believe me the man was only a sugar-baker—I'll tell you all.

The young gentleman you see alone in the first coach, was a natural
son

son of the deceased, and bred up as publickly as though born in wedlock. The rich old huncks has spared no expence in his education—nay, he carried it as high, as though he was to have been employed in some embassy to a foreign court of consequence—music, painting, the great saddle, besides the languages, were his business in fact, for he scarce ever had an hour in the day to follow the whims and pleasures of his equals.—

Well, thus things went on—he grew up towards the time of manhood—and though he prest to know his fortune and situation, that he might early buckle himself to business or grandeur (being ready for either) he was always answered you are a gentleman. Here's money to buy better cloaths—I love to see you well drest—don't be afraid to wear lace or embroidery—my purse is long

enough, and so on. Cannot you already almost wish him joy of a property seemingly in possession? but many things fall between the cup and the lip—and he has true reason to be a mourner, as I can tell you certainly, though he only suspects it, and that in part too; for this old rascal, this cheat, this volpone, this villain, has left him nothing but mourning.—

Perhaps he has deserved by some fatal misbehaviour, this change in his parent, though in the natural way.—Has he not followed the vices of the town? has he not gam'd, drank, pursued women, &c. &c. so as to let the old fellow suspect that his fortune would have fallen to the ground had he left it him, for avarice is at the bottom of almost all legacies, as well as all manner of gaming; pray tell me

me—for I am uneasy and already most sincerely pity him.

Indeed, my Achilles, I thank you for your pity, as I feel for him myself. But he was truly innocent of any of the ways of this vile metropolis: and indeed, I before told you, that he had no leisure from his studies to pursue the traffic of pleasure—for pleasure is now become a business! and men of fashion have hardly time to see their friends, on account of the many hours they allot for their enemies—for I call all those people such who promote luxury, gaming, injustice, and intemperance of any kind. Do you remember what Portius says to his brother Marcus, in Mr. Addison's most excellent tragedy of Cato?

Marcus! the friendships of the world are o'ft

132 THE MENTAL

Confederacies in vice or leagues of
pleasure,

Our's has severest virtue for it's
basis.

And such a friendship ends not but
with life.

Now to tell you in short, this
young gentleman's hard fate—I
fear that vanity is the ruling passion
of both sexes. That building there
among the green fields, on the right-
hand of the long street, where now
malefactors are passing to execution
—who being petty rogues according
to Dr. Garth,

———Submit to fate

That great ones may enjoy their
state.

That building I say was just on the
stocks—it made a great noise, it was

a new charity in England, though practised in every country abroad—I mean for Foundlings. This fellow then in short, quitted the provision of his own bastard, to provide for the foundlings of all the world—the reason is very plain; his own would have claimed it as his due perhaps, and the town would have given it to him as his own right: but here in this case a statue or picture is given to his memory; children are taught to lisp his name, and once a year perhaps a feast is ordered, or an anthem sung in praise of so august and magnificent a benefactor.

I think I have explained to you, that the people are not real mourners, for though the whole secret of the will is not made public, yet it is guessed at, and that shrewdly too. Judge then if they can be chearful to attend such a rascal to his grave,
and

134 THE MENTAL

and yet as relations they must save appearances. Why he is buried in this shewy and pompous manner is another story — misers feasts and their funerals generally favor of profusion, and declare at once why they do it. I think my late friend Pope explains this in a couplet I will repeat to you.——

“ When Hopkins dies a thousand

“ lights attend,

“ The wretch who living sav’d a

“ candle’s end.

This is life, my Achilles—come let us turn our eyes to something more pleasing; look round, the metropolis abounds with all characters—the same minute produces christenings and burials, life and death, grief and pleasure, and hundreds now are in infinite agony, while

those two young bucks there are going into a common stew, where they will lose the greatest jewel of their lives in a moment which their mothers were whole years raising—I mean health.

See how they laugh before they enter the fatal house! can one believe it possible, that persons in the bloom and fire of youth should in a moment squander what had been raising for years? yet so it is, my Achilles, so it was, and so it ever will be, and this I fear much arises from the severity of parents in general, and the austere injunctions relating to their conduct in these affairs. I think I could plan a better way—and suppose I tell you to pass away the time 'till this smoke is gone, which arises, I suppose, from the extraordinary quantity of roast and boiled on this particular day.

For

136 THE MENTAL

For the citizens, my Achilles, in any thing they like always find a reason, and to have a banquet for themselves secretly, they publickly call it a compliment to their friends and visitors.——

But to the point—I would not trust this secret with the wide world for I know they would discommend me—narrow minds, which the majority of them possess in general, seldom forgive or pardon what they don't comprehend. But I can trust you, and this would be my plan.

It is, my Achilles, as ridiculous to suppose when the heyday of the blood (as Shakespear terms it) is upon youth that they will not privately indulge themselves, and the closer they are watch'd, the more dangerous will be their situation. If they are on the plan of pleasure, as is most likely, they will seek their happiness in some dirty

ty corner, where, if they escape their lives from bullies, most probably they will forfeit all their health by one momentary diversion.

I would lead my pupil to that new building there beyond the Park-wall on the great road to Chelsea ; under the care of that ingenious artist and humane friend, who first gave it birth, and still supports it. My pupil should there see the rows of injured beauty (for women are born innocent and bred tenderly, my Achilles!) who lie there on beds of pain, and often their bed of death. Upwards they still look tempting ! they have features still which would puzzle almost the very skilful. Blooming cheeks, sparkling eyes, taper arms, and all those perfections which have bewitched the young and unwary, and would still if seen in any other place.

My

My pupil should then examine into the state of their disorder, and a report being made to him that no patient in the house is, or ever was in a worse condition, he would certainly be amazed, and say to himself, how might I have been deceived had she been seen elsewhere? instead of enjoying health, I should, but for this information have been embracing misery——Is it possible such features can conceal rottenness and corruption?—from this time I resolve to follow the rough path of virtue; however smooth, inviting, and strewn with flowers, the ways of pleasure and luxury may seem.

Believe me, my Achilles, I should gain more profelytes to virtue this way, than all the bench of b——ps would by their most pick'd sermons——who make no deduction or allowance for youthful blood

blood and warm imagination, but ridiculously suppose the green and wither'd leaf the same. Concessions to youth do honour to old age; and no man should be ashamed to own he has gone wrong, because he proves himself wiser that very minute than he was the minute before.

But suppose I went even further, my Achilles, and for once accompanied him to a place of revelry and pleasure; perhaps I might there strike on some expedient at once to make him sick of his fair companion, or render her weary of him. I will suppose him fond of her, and almost waiting, with impatience, the minute of consummation; at that time I address her, and though of twice the age offer her a large piece of gold, and at once draw her from him without any reason but that—
do

do you think he would not swear and curse the sex, who could be so mercenary to quit the embrace of blooming life, for that of imbecillity, and the frozen climacteric? I am sure you agree with me.

I do indeed, says Achilles, and I am not ashamed to own, that I have been so disappointed myself. They are incapable of love or gratitude—though I fear the ill usage of our cruel and villainous sex, has often sour'd a most generous and worthy mind—I pity them after all! and agree with you, that next to your own plan for recovering these unfortunate ones for life, the humanity of that gentleman of the physical order, who has erected, or been the means of erecting that building there we have been talking of, deserves the laurel of praise: his judgment is as
un-

unerring as his hand, for with your glass, this instant I saw him while you were speaking, perform an operation safely, which posterity will give him the honour of, though the present age out of jealousy will not.—

So says honest Jack Falstaff, when in his soliloquy he talks about honour—*Will it not live with the living, says he? no—detraction will not suffer it.*

Hang their fires below—the smoke increases, and has prevented all further observation to day. However, we have mutually given each other subjects for conversation 'till the evening. 'Tis such a folio, the knowledge of mankind, tho' wrote in short hand, that I fear I shall never publickly or privately get you thro' it—I will endeavour to abbreviate
what

what I know for the future. But am angry with you that you take my word so for every thing; my glass is now thrown aside; over security has ruined many, and may you—perhaps I am treacherous.

I never found you so, said Achilles, every thing that has been prophesied, has done honour to the prophet. However, my reason is not a bad one, and hope you will not think I flatter you—I can see thro' your glass when I have not your society; I fear I shall not have the pleasure of the latter so long as I wish—when I am alone it will be time enough to exercise this wonderful machine; but to converse with it's author is a double pleasure. And which, tho' I had often desired, I fear'd I should never have obtained.

Let us depart then, and say with the great Mr. Pope.

All nature is but art, unknown to
thee.

All chance direction—which thou
can’st not see.

All discord, harmony—not under-
stood,

All partial evil universal good.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

YOU paid me, as indeed you are too apt to do, too much compliment the last time we were together ! for you know, by joint consent and agreement, we have put off a visit here till the city banquets were over ; which generally when they begin, last several days ; insomuch that could they bring themselves to leave business, at that time they could not find an hour proper for it, their heads and hearts being otherwise engaged.——

My judgment is yet fallible, notwithstanding all the pains I have taken, nor would I have you depend on it further, than while you prepare the glass for your own conviction and instruction.—Men are not always the same from one year to

to the next, and fluctuate as much in their manners as in their daily, nay, hourly fashions.——

As a proof of this, would any one have believed, that full wigs should give place to such bits of sticking plaister as they wear now! more like the cawl than the periwig, and yet, but for the decency required in the three professions, we should see chief justices giving judgment in a ramillee, physicians prescribing in a bag, and doctors in divinity preaching before the house of commons in a brown scratch.——

Every thing seems thrown into confusion, and did I think it would be decent to mount up here on a Sunday, I could take great pleasure in viewing the city apprentices and journeymen with their *filles de joye* tramping the mall with the air, and almost the debts of a man of quality.

H

I

I believe we must keep our council, and make some Sunday observations.

The city tradesman, on that day, wearing boots to make believe he is engaged in the country is no bad character, for the utmost stretch of their country journey is to a private house in St. Martins in the fields, or Long acre; and it would sound like a country jaunt to any stranger, who did not know that London fields are often crowded lanes, busy streets, and alleys inhabited as closely as a sheep-pen. But now to business.—

What think you of that lady, who steps so nimbly into the chair there? she in blue I mean, be quick, or you will lose the sight of her.—Why, I think, says Achilles, that she is the very pink of modesty, and I suppose is going out, thus early, to make a day of it.——

Poor girl! she is going, my Achilles,
(and

(and now in strong labour) to a very eminent and discreet man-midwife, and has only a few hours to save her hitherto unblemish'd situation ; she has been grossly abused by the man, who not only promised, but performed the vow of marriage as she thought, while he all the time knew it was nothing better than a noose he could slip at his pleasure.—They were joined at the Savoy-chappel—it was a secret, she proved with child, and as he villainously and like a scoundrel, denies the match, she has no remedy but this to save her reputation.——

She will be very resolute and patient, I promise you, during the terrible operation, for she will never quit that mask she has in her hand, all the time she wears it in the doctor's house ; and, by that means, though he will often intreat it for

her ease (though really for his own curiosity) she will be so firm that he never can know her face in life afterwards.——

Let us shift the scene,—pray give me your real and unfeigned opinion of that groupe of figures now entering the park—don't mistake the groupe, because there are several there, I mean that cluster in mourning.——

I see them, says Achilles, they have inherited some good estate no doubt, because they are chearful, nor mourn like many, only because they have lost a fortune. But pray bear with my puerile observations, I fear I shall never do my preceptor credit, but my mistakes (as no doubt you know) chiefly arise from my still wishing mankind would be, and continue to be as they seem,—

They are the whole family (all females

females ! for the colonel had no sons) of a very worthy officer lately deceased—He generously married a lady for love as it is called, though you know what that means as well as myself ; and as his family increased, and his preferment abated, or rather his views of preferment (for he expected, and had reason to expect a regiment) he begged that very proud woman who leads the van there, to place those four ladies, at least the three youngest out to business, that they might gain by industry those sweet morsels, which dependency never knows.——

Great quarrels used to ensue, curtain lectures and chair lectures too, were held at her house—for night and day, she was always telling him what lovely complexions they had, what sparkling eyes, what pouting lips, together with all the train of female

jargon, which every mother excels in, who being a coquet and fine lady herself, thinks o'course all her sex must be the same, and particularly her own offspring.—

The colonel's intreaties, nay prayers, are all in vain—she will not have her daughter thrown away and sit behind a counter. No, no, and then quotes *Comus* on him, which she fires at him as loud as a platoon.—

“ It is for homely features to keep

“ home,

“ They took their name from

“ thence.”

My daughters are fine girls, says she, and keep good company every night—scarce a game on the cards is unknown to them, they all dance, two of them sing, and they will soon write and read, which indeed are not
only

only the least, but the least necessary things. I warrant you I know my province—mind you your cannon, and drums, and firelocks, or I'll break the drum of your ear with my reproof.—

As she promised, so she performed, for the colonel lived but a few days after; and most people agree, he died of a broken heart. Her words indeed are come true, they are all fine ladies, without a penny of fortune, and not one of them will be a wife (mark my words) tho' they all know that part of the state, which, though most trifling in the end, appears at first the most enchanting and beautiful.——

I understand you, says Achilles, they will all be kept mistresses—you have hit my meaning, says Chiron, they will all be well kept at first, but in the end, will be prostitutes, and

when it is too late, blame the pride of their mother, and envy every shop woman they see within doors along the Strand, secure and safe by their industry—while they are out of doors, feeling hunger, cold, contempt, insult, and all that train of misery, which thousands do not feel half so much as the humane feel for them.——

There, tell me who that clergyman is, stepping into his chair, and let me know if he is in earnest on the errand he is bent—Come, while you look I will tell you, and then, pray as we travel along together in opinion, let me know if I am right.

He is going with that grave and plaistered face to preach before the house of c——ns at St. Margarets, Westminster. It is a public fast here, and you shall soon see the difference between the discourse and
congre-

congregation of a court fast, and that of the establish'd ones in the liturgy; in the latter, the speaker's mace, his procession of clerk's chief and clerk's assistants, and about a leash of old church-going members make up the whole; whereas now they are counted, and wo! be to him that absents himself, provided he is any ways a m——r's lacquey, or closet dependant of a crown.— But would you think the reverend doctor, who preached on the martyrdom of a king with joy, a few months since, should so soon recant in public? for to day he will tell you that kings can do no wrong, but before, kings were mortals and deservedly suffered for the faults they committed. He is to be the very next b——p, and should any one bind up the two sermons together, he would laugh and cry, why we

154 THE MENTAL

grow wiser and wiser every day, the mind of man is fallible, let every one speak well of the bridge he goes over.——

Hang him, says Achilles, let him go his own way, and as he seems an arch rogue, most likely he will live to be an arch b——p, though of late, indeed, the dullest of the fable flock has had the golden bell tied round his neck. No matter, we are lodgers, as the honest Hibernian said—let the house be on fire for ought I care.——

Tell me, says Chiron, at once (for I now examine you like a student) what think you of that man who is eating bread and cheese by himself, up that stair case in the Temple, that nobody may see him, whether he is to be pitied or no—because his dress bespeaks him the gentleman, and 'tis plain by the hour
of

of the day, he does not know where to dine—I see you are puzzled, and so will extricate you.——

He is the younger son of a great family, and will hereafter make no little figure in the profession of the law. He has had the assurance, as it may appear to strangers, to refuse several invitations to day, because they were from mean and selfish people. He hates all such ! they foresee he will be eminent in his way, and so make love to him ; he easily sees through it, and leaves them properly disappointed. The time will come they will wish they had never grown cool at his visiting them too often. But tho' they have acted so, he takes no notice you will perceive, till the proper time, and then they feel his resentment ; his soul is great, for he this day paid his tradesman to the last farthing of his purse, and

156 THE MENTAL

dines thus rather than be beholden to any one. To morrow you observe his father dies; he at once leaps into affluence; honours and dignities with his abilities soon follow, and now the rascally tradesfolks and more rascally cousins are congratulating him--you see he properly flights their offers, they pretend to wonder how this alteration has happened, and swear his fortune has fumed his brain—Is it so, and have I told you right?—

Aye! to a tittle, says Achilles, and we travelled exactly in opinion and observation the whole time; you see how eager that thin old man is now to offer his daughter to him, when not a month ago, he refused him the loan of a single five guineas—is it not strange? that a man will at once risque or rather part with his own child, than a trifle of his money--but
he

he is properly punish'd. He lives, and the lady his daughter, who gave herself such unbecoming airs, lives also to see the seals carried before him, as his coach drives by her door to Westminster.—

Aye, says Chiron, a mad world my masters; see too how the very taylor, who had the impudence to arrest him not many weeks ago, is now begging pardon, and laying the fault on his villainous journeyman, who gave him false news. This is a lie among friends, but he imagined his father never would die, and when he did, that the son was so deeply engaged in principal and interest, to brokers, lawyers, usurers, &c. &c. that *Broomfield*, as it is called, would not be worth having in the end.—

How finely my friend has dealt with them! no man knows his
friends

158 THE MENTAL

friends from his enemies better—he will live to have power you see, as well as riches, and then what stratagems the world will make use of, to bury their former behaviour; but he is too discerning for them all, and lives to pay them all in their own coin—they have nothing more than they deserve.——

There is little thanks, my Achilles, for the civility of mankind! all the presents, gifts, favours, preferments, nay, even the invitation to a bare family dinner, are seldom given to those who want them. Poverty is a great disgrace, and there is no pity for the unlucky; the unfortunate, like the absent, are always in the wrong.——

But you and I think otherwise, we can feel for the distressed, by having been distressed ourselves! those greazy citizens below, never knew
the

the sufferings of their fellow creatures ; they cry it's their own fault when they are bankrupts—let him starve, cry they ; and then conclude, in order to gain the pleasing character of compassionate, “ I would have served him had I not a large family :” but the same man will most likely leave that very family next Saturday evening on a pretence of seeing the country, when all the time his utmost ride will be to Exeter street, or the gaming tables of * * *’s chocolate house, if they will admit so mechanical a fellow among such dignified company. Adieu for to day.—

C H A P.

CHAP. X.

INDEED, my Achilles, I almost hate the world; and sometimes, in my hours of spleen, vexation and disappointment, almost lose sight of it; pray what is there, among friends (for sure I may trust you with the secret) what is there to endear us to life, or life to us? The more we know the less we desire to know—every fresh friend as it may seem is little less than a fresh traitor. Every plan and prospect of love and union, a fresh proof of hate and disjunction.

I ever differed from them, and therefore was always very genteely christened with the name, stile and title of madman, coxcomb, misanthrope or man-hater, and often by worse names than all these put together;

gether; I too early saw thro' mankind to believe their kisses of friendship, salutes of intimacy, and embracings of welcome. I saw interest too capitally wrote ever to like it, and by withdrawing was called cynical.

But to the point—those two gentlemen below (never mind the glass but listen to me) are a proof of this—observe how they meet after a long absence, and one being in mourning, the discourse begins after this manner.

A. Pray how do you do my good friend, after so long an absence? I have been in great pain and anxiety at not hearing of or from you, I have inquired of all mine and your friends to no purpose: believe me, I'm heartily glad to see you. B. So should I you, my dear good friend, but that the sight of you reminds me of my poor dear wife Florella, for in you I behold her; I have lost her
and

and with her all that was great and valuable on this earth or in this transitory life. A. Gadso, I'm heartily sorry for that. B. But grief you know, for things irrecoverable, is but a childish kind of passion, I was very deeply affected at first, but thank God have got the better of it. A. Faith! I'm heartily glad of that. B. Am obliged to you, but her death has been remarkably unlucky at this very particular crisis, because of my young children. A. 'Tis true, I did not think of that, faith, I'm heartily sorry for that. B. But they are, thank God, all likely to do well, and don't doubt, but the memory of their dear departed mother, will give them such ideas of virtue, that they will never go astray. A. Faith, I have heard as much, and am heartily glad of that. B. But (yet I thank you kindly, and ought to express it
as

as well as mean it) I suppose you hear that all is not gold that glitters, for though her fortune has the appearance of a good one, and in the end may turn out so, I fear it will be much entangled with the damn'd laws of this country. A. Gad so I'm heartily sorry for that, I hope you will get the better of every thing, and spend the rest of your life in comfort, you have had sorrow enough my dear friend. B. I thank you for your kind pity, but have the good luck to fall into honest hands, and my lawyers whom I really can depend on, give me great hopes that I shall succeed in every thing I shall undertake. A. Gad so, I'm heartily glad of that; but should not be so if I thought your lawyers could or would deceive you. B. Never fear, all I want is a little ready money to keep them in humour; and wish,
as

you are my friend, that you would oblige me with a trifle; I am always very punctual in general, but shall be so particularly to you: A. Gad so, I'm most heartily sorry that I can't, but I laid out the last guinea this very morning in a lottery ticket, and if I succeed, I am sure no one shall more gladly assist you than myself.——

Thus ends, my dear Achilles, a conversation of the world in general-- I am sorry, or I am glad, makes up the whole burthen of the song, and there is as little meaning on one side as on the other; unhappily this is the wide world, and the narrow world too—for this we live and drag about a miserable being, poor abject worms (as Aboan says to his friend Oroonoko.)——

“ Who crawl awhile upon a bust-
“ ling world,

“ And

“And then are trampled to the
“dust again.—

Come, now for a little business—
what think you of that groupe of
figures, all well grown, who are
bending their steps towards that street,
where a certain maiden queen it is
said, used to meet her favourite earl,
who gave name to the place, which
it bears to this day.—

Why really, says Achilles, I am
puzzling to know—I know from
the moment I hold up the glass I
shall know too soon, for I love to
examine and question myself a little
first, but I see it's in vain, and there-
fore I appeal to you.—

I'll tell you, my Achilles—in that
street lives a dancing master, who
teaches grown persons to know their
steps, after having stept wrong for
many years. It is a business car-
ried

ried on as secretly almost as a privy council, the very servants are sworn to fidelity, and indeed but few people are spectators. He advertizes that only his own family stand up for partners, but now and then a curious neighbour comes in, and enjoys the night scene, and who can blame them? I do declare to you, that if any thing is more laughable in general than a city funeral, it is seeing such a collection of aged gaiety as assemble at this place.——

Pray observe that very fat lady, learning to come in and out of a room, she obtained a fortune the other day by the death of some cousin, aunt or uncle; and now all of a sudden she is told she must keep better company, and so is learning to be the fine lady; she was a merchant in second hand clothes the other day, now she has taken an house in May-fair, and proposes having drums and routs

as well as her neighbours. Monmouth-street is forgot at once! we are all of a sudden the pink of gaiety and politeness. And the moment her elephant knees can be taught to bend, she will undertake the affair of visiting and being visited.

Her husband is much worse. He has one spring in him like a clasp'd pen knife—and that at the bottom of his back. When he bends his body under the direction of his master, he appears for all the world like a gibbet: yet observe his preceptor gives him hopes — and swears no scholar of his age (namely about sixty three) ever did so much in so short a time.

That dyer with blue fingers (for you trace that out as he draws off his glove) expects to be warden of his company soon—and as such proposes to dance with some common-council

cil-man's daughter of Candlewick-ward. He expects great fame from his dancing—and you see takes infinite pains in grounding himself in the first rudiments. Nay, he looks on his dancing master at this time, in a much greater light, than he once did the alderman of his own ward, if possible, though that is almost to be doubted.

Pray observe! there are not less than twenty couple of beasts male and female, and like Noah's, clean and unclean, now preparing to dance for the evening—Scratch me, says a grocer to his wife, and I'll claw you I warrant you—a delicate proverb no doubt—But 'tis in character. This is the constant work of every evening—I commend the schemer of it, and believe he gets more by the stiff, aged and adult, than ever he would from the young and supple.

Why that old fat lady in blue, has to my knowledge, been eight years practising to come in and out of a room with a good grace, and cannot do it yet. But he swears she has a genius, and like a fool she believes it, insomuch that she has twice given him presents of plate besides his pay, as an encouragement to continue his good offices.

But I am quite tired of such objects—Let us shift the scene a little; and tell me from your heart, what you think of that solitary gentleman who is walking in such a distressful attitude, under the Piazzas of the Royal Exchange. His gait and mein are very particular, and I declare he appears to me, to be a great personage in some sort of distress.

His distress, says Chiron, arises not from want, but plenty—he is, perhaps, the richest commoner in Eng-

land. He was generous enough when his father only allowed him pocket money, but now, he grudges himself even the necessaries of life. He walks there because the chop-houses have lately raised the price of their small wares; and so makes believe he has quite din'd, though he has only drank one bason of soup, which he took great care to stuff well with bread, which has served him for a meal to day. He made believe at the house that he should return again, but he never intended it, for two reasons, one is just now related, the other is this——

A servant there, from the same county, made a curtsy to him, and called him by his name. He used only to give a single halfpenny as a gratuity for their trouble, but now, thinks he, I am known, and must never bestow less than a penny on them,

them, which indeed is more than I can afford—on this he entirely changes his house, and for fear of being followed and known elsewhere, he passes the hours of repast this way, perhaps eats a pennyworth of oysters, perhaps nothing. But in less than a year he will die as unpitied as others were unpitied by him.

Come, something I hope more material presents itself—look sharp, or you'll lose one of the greatest characters in this vast and busy metropolis; I mean him in the white coat there faced with red—his history is particular, and had I time, would (as Othello says) recount it from his *boyish days*. But at present 'tis sufficient to say, that he lately married a widow of great fortune, who fell in love with him, as being the best German flute player of any gentleman in Europe; he play'd (as a

punter would say indeed) to some tune, for he got her—But when she asks him to play now, he cries you know no more of music than my horse, nor did you ever——mind your pickles and preserves—I'm going a hunting—aye, says she, with my money too—you had not a shirt to your back 'till I gave you one, firrah! but, now, Holland of twelve shillings an ell is scarce good enough for your nasty carcase.

Pretty music this! a fine change from harmony. But the man having seen the farce of Petrucchio and Catharine, endeavours so to imitate the former, that he often over-does it. The day they were married he ordered a dinner at Staines, and told all his friends what delicate live fish there were at that particular place. But no sooner was the coachman on the box, but he ordered him to drive into
Nor-

Norwood, and though he was married and had made his fortune, yet he would know his future fortune as well as the present, and no one but the gipsies should or could tell him.——

The company all complained that there was no food to be got there ; to which he calmly answered—grass, grass—all flesh is grass, my dears ! and you may as well eat it at first as at last. Somebody packed up some wine behind the coach, least that should be an article difficult to obtain in such a forest. He sold it all on the road—and only said, water, water. He is above scandal, I assure you, for he will tell any sort of story of himself first. Nay, rather than not be thought an original, he will invent many things of himself which never had being,

Somebody was saying one day,
I 3 that

that a cobbler was the happiest man in the world, for, having no fame or reputation to lose, he could beat his wife and defy scandal and impertinence. Why dam'me, says he, I think I am as independant as a cobbler, and to shew it, immediately took his horse-whip and chastised his dame most handsomely as he called it. Sometimes the whole sex have attacked him at once. He was even with them—they upbraided him with not giving his wife opportunities of company equal to her rank, and said, she ought to have a drum in her house like her neighbours.

He said nothing to the contrary, but even said it was a reasonable request. Things went on in this manner, and at a proper time he sent circular cards and letters to all his friends and acquaintance, as well as his wife's, to come to his drum——
his

his drum was soon become a kind of bye-word. However, they all went, and when the audience grew pretty numerous, he ordered all his doors to be quite fastened as at midnight, and immediately sent for all the drummers at the Savoy and Somerset-House to come in at the back door—they no sooner arrived, but he made them strike up a point of war that almost broke the drum of their ears, and so opening the doors drove them before him, as Falstaff says, with *a dagger of lath*, and they never teaz'd him afterwards.—

You see what a careless kind of figure he is! above or below the world does not signify; he laughs and sings—and, indeed, he is the merriest companion my eyes beheld. But our time is expired — Monday

176 THE MENTAL

we shall meet again, for to morrow (as usual) we shall both be employed hearing charity sermons, from wretches who have no charity in their hearts; however, they advertise to the contrary. But mum — that I shall tell you in a whisper as we depart — allons !

CHAP.

C H A P: XI.

WELL, to be sure, of all professions that tend to the starving quality, physic is the most hateful: what think you of that very thin, lean gentleman, who, by the bye, would shine in the character of the starv'd apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, lounging every morning for hours at a bookseller's shop, or coffee-house, smelling the effluvia of his amber headed cane, and asking for letters, when he well knows privately, that he has not one country correspondent?——

His father was an honest and pains-taking apothecary; and, in a few years, amassed a fortune equal to any great and wholesale trader. But his son perceiving the rank of apothecary was very trifling, he at once,

178 THE MENTAL

at a great expence, gets the feather of M. D. and now, too late, finds that it is difficult for a physician to cross the way for apothecaries chariots—damn the mongrels, says he, I am a regular physician.

He was saying these very words, when that jolly, red faced man, near Ludgate, in a green morning gown passed him, you see him laugh still, —Without being regular, says he, you see I can buy a thousand of you, and while I can have my champaigne and coach and four, the Devil take all degrees—a master of arts, to be sure, thinks himself a fine fellow, though he has not the art to get a dinner, by any other qualification than lying or gross flattery.

You can hardly conceive, my Achilles, how every man within these walls, is taught to believe that money governs all; for the quack doctor
you.

you see, not being able to get the better of his friend in argument, takes out a very long green purse full of guineas, and shaking it at him, cries loud enough to be heard, "Doctor, I'll lend you a guinea for coach hire, out of fifty I got this morning. Teazing enough you'll believe, my Achilles, and yet on he goes, 'till the irregular drives the regular from his ground.——

Believe me, my good pupil, a starving gentleman is the most unlucky, and, at the same time, most uneasy situation in this life. The ingenious mechanic, master of but one single art, lives well, has his hot repast after labour, enjoys his Sunday and holiday, and is welcome, while business is going on, to the ear and favour of the noble or gentleman that employs him. But the master of seven arts, unable to gain a dinner, by

180 THE MENTAL

even the best of them, is kept at arms length—and when he is asked to dine, he is always placed in such a light there, that the very footman gives him small beer for wine, with as little shame and confusion as an ale-house keeper does to a poor labourer, who has no ready money but is to work it out afterwards.—

But now to business! give me your opinion at once of that boistrous fellow below in the Church-yard, who claps his arms to his hips, as though he defied the universe, and who, having plenty of lace about his waistcoat, takes care to let all passengers know there is no fraud at the pocket holes, by entirely brandishing the whole before their eyes. Why, says Achilles, I should really think him a merchant (for he is not modest enough for a shop-keeper as they were once, and ought to be

now, but that the times are altered) who has, by lucky hits of insuring, underwriting, or privateering, got enough to retire from the world, and is aukwardly, though heartily, assuming the gentleman.—

Out again a mile, says Chiron—why, my Achilles, you told me, not long since, that it would be no bad method to take mankind by contraries—and had you followed this plan, with respect to the person before us, you would not have been much out of the way—come, I'll in a few words tell you who he is.

He was the son of a very reverend divine in Essex, who's conscience and indolence joined, prevented the father ever obtaining more than bare necessities, insomuch, that this, his only son, was put out from that fund which is raised annually by means of fiddles, when sermons failed, from
the

the church under us; and behaved very industriously and well in the trade he was put to.

His time being expired with no other disgrace than what follows all the young fellows of this age, such as a bastard or two, a small embezzlement of cash, a confirmed p——x and the like—He now, on the credit of his friends, ventured to set up for himself—and to make short of it, contrived, by the kind advice and interposition of his friends and correspondents, to break for ten times more than ever he traded for—a common trick, my Achilles, and yet still practised even upon the knowing ones.——

He, who once would have thought it a most capital offence, to have worn even a gold button to his waistcoat, though closely buttoned up, now you see he is all over gold—
though

though according to a very vulgar saying, all is not gold that glisters; for he is now a bankrupt, and has just got his certificate—like felons after a pardon, he grows more insolent than ever. All modesty is removed, and he is now, and will be a fine gentleman for many months on the ruin of his creditors. After which, most likely he will keep an auction-room, having all the qualifications, consummate assurance, and infinite ignorance, attended with its never failing companion vanity.—

So much for him, my Achilles, he is a rascal—undeserving our notice; so pray turn your eyes to a better object, which is that pious gentleman visiting the several prisons, which I am sure will give you pleasure, as I have ever found you humane and tender—or to use the
words

184 THE MENTAL

words of our favourite classic Terence,
Humani nihil alienum.

The object, indeed, gives me an excess of joy, after the strange groupe we have jointly seen of late, if he is sincere — for I almost doubt every thing, and believe I must keep to my established rule of judging by contraries ; yet for once, let me examine him closer before I use the glass, or ask your opinion. He, indeed, seems pious, tender, compassionate, feeling, humane, and what not ? and yet now and then something appears about his eyes so very sorrowful, and so over unfortunate, that I almost am afraid to search further. However, give me your opinion, it will less shock me delivered in your even, mild and gentle way, than if I discerned it myself, and you now know by experience, that I have no doubt of your judgment

ment and opinion. Why then, my Achilles, my pupil, my disciple, and what is beyond all, my friend ! he is the greatest of all hypocrites—he is employed by a very worthy lady once a week, to distribute her alms to these unfortunate people ; he goes, and acts the part so well, that nobody but ourselves suspects him—for I assure you, upon my honour, that out of every shilling he filches sixpence from the poor wretches, and yet at home, by his watery eyes, and mercy-begging-face, passes off entirely unsuspected.

Can you conceive, in human life, so wicked and base an animal ? yet he thrives in this world—is a justice of the peace, and having served the office of church-warden, has the character of a most divine man. My Achilles, what a world we live in!

186 THE MENTAL

I am almost tired of it, and sometimes wish, but for the sake of my intended charity, that I had never brought my glass to this present perfection — for if it grows universal, people will grow tired before their time, and seeing, as well as foreseeing nothing but villainy, treachery, malice, backbiting, flandering, lying, forswearing, pimping, bullying, whoring, gaming, forestalling, and so on—He will cry with the poet,

—— I'm satisfied. ——

But why should I so early set you against this life? and yet from the friendship I do, and ever did profess, what can I do less? I do declare to you, that for the sake of keeping up the splendor of a town life, and pleasure of a country, one half the people in
those

those once honest and reputable streets below, would make you pay money twice over, if they thought you had lost their receipt for it.—

The trade and credit of this city, was once, my Achilles, truly great. The fame of it reached the furthest Indies, and our name was *Great among the nations*: but now we are fallen—the noble character of merchant is dwindled to nothing, and every little paltry huckster calls himself a warehouse man at least, if not a merchant—the very sight of a bale of English goods with the proper marks was once sterling—now examine into them, and not only the measure is perhaps defective, but even the commodity is but of half the former value. By these means our enemies outstrip us daily—by these fatal practices, their fleets gather strength, and

188 THE MENTAL, &c.

and having still, in so corrupt and degenerate an age, right notions of honour and glory, they conquer the world, having first learnt to conquer themselves — meaning their passions. —

F I N I S.